

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 28, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



J.D. STILL DEFINITELY REED-THIN

J. D. Reed, whose report on athletes' diets begins on page 64, has given us the latest word on the state of his own shape, which is a svelte, for J.D., 236 pounds on a 6' 2" frame.

"A friend of mine, another over-weight writer, has pointed out to me that over the last 10 years I have lost almost 400 pounds. And gained back 350. There is something awesome about it—all these vaporized fat molecules coming and going, with a kind of tiresome regularity, like weekend visits from relatives.

"For years I have sought ways to rid myself, as the ads say, of unwanted fat. I tried Weight Watchers, and within 15 weeks I did, indeed, lose 45 of my 280 pounds, but I developed a neurosis about cabbage, celery and carrots. I found myself standing like a religious fanatic in the doorway of my local Dunkin' Donuts shop, delivering fire-and-brimstone sermons about fried cakes. But I soon put the 45 pounds back on. I then tried the standard high-protein diet: steak, steak and steak. I lost weight but went broke. Then came

the high-carbohydrate diet. This cost almost nothing, but it didn't work. I could easily down a bowl of fettucine al' pesto before breakfast and soon looked like Mario Lanza. I went on the water diet until I couldn't stand the sloshing noise I made. I fasted and had visions and hallucinations and cried openly for days.

"During the last decade I have counted calories, protein and carbohydrate grams, milligrams of cholesterol, sodium and potassium. I have eaten organically, broiled-only and raw, and the high-fiber craze had me consuming dump truckloads of Grape-Nuts. I have sounded the depths of gustatory despair, a Lost Weekend of haute cuisine which would find me in the kitchen at 3 a.m., poised to chug-a-lug a pint of béarnaise sauce, my wife weeping in the doorway, pleading, 'Don't do it, you don't need it.'

"But now I have found the answer. I have once more lost 45 pounds, and have kept them off for more than a year. The trick is not diet at all, but exercise. A normally sedentary American guy, I sat around swilling beer and hogging the sandwiches while watching sports events on TV and it never occurred to me, befuddled as I was on grilled cheese, to Do It Myself. I used to hate joggers, particularly the ones who preached, but they were right. I play tennis and/or squash five times a week now and eat almost as much as before, but I no longer have to sneak to the corner of the men's department where they sell clothes in what is called the 'executive cut,' meaning balloon-size.

"Physicians are always nagging at us to 'eat sensibly.' It is excellent advice. I can't do it. But if I keep on playing tennis I can still have the sweetbreads in cream sauce, a six-pack of beer, white bread and "real" butter, and, apparently, I am not going to need an executive-cut coffin."

Sack Meyer



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Shopwalk

by ROBERT CANTWELL

REPLICA GUNS RESTORE PIONEER FUN— AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT FACING A BEAR

When the mountaineers first ventured into the upper reaches of the Missouri they carried a gun known as the long rifle or the Kentucky rifle, though it probably originated in Pennsylvania and was manufactured by Samuel and Jacob Hawken in St. Louis. You can now buy a working facsimile of the Hawken for about \$200, or you can get a kit for \$140 and assemble the gun yourself. So many muzzle-loading enthusiasts are acquiring the guns these days that the J. C. Penney Company alone did a \$2.5 million business in them last year, up from \$1.5 million in 1975, and the output of Thompson/Center Arms, one of the few American makers, has at least tripled in the past five years. Companies in Japan, Spain and Italy are also producing muzzle-loaders modeled on historic American rifles for the U.S. market.

Old-time trappers would undoubtedly find this craze hard to believe. To use a Hawken when you could get an accurate, rapid-firing rifle is, if not suicidal, at least irrational. If you were rushed by an angry critter or an unfriendly Indian and were armed with a muzzle-loader, you first opened your powder horn and emptied an appropriate charge of black powder into the barrel. From a receptacle in the stock you extracted a small patch, previously greased, and placed it over the muzzle, meanwhile grabbing a small lead ball from a pouch on your belt, and placed this (if you didn't drop it) in the center of the patch. With a patch knife, you trimmed the excess material. You then rammed the patch and the shot down the barrel with a buckory ramrod and primed the firing mechanism with powder, and—if you were still alive—you were ready to fire. In an emergency an expert could reload, aim and fire in about 20 seconds, and if you weren't an expert there would be no need to hurry, for only experts survived.

The same general loading procedure is required for facsimiles like Connecticut Valley Arms' Kentucky flintlock (\$74.95 as a kit, \$107.95 assembled), or the Navy Arms Company's Civil War Zouave (\$150 assembled), Thompson/Center Arms in Rochester, N.H.,

now has most of its more than 400 employees making muzzle-loaders, including the lightweight Seneca and a rugged utility rifle, the Renegade, which sells for \$165. The Sears, Roebuck muzzle-loading Kentucky sells for \$84.95 in a kit, \$114.95 assembled.

Part of the present interest in muzzle-loaders has been attributed to the Bicentennial and the patriotic demonstrations it engendered, but the merehandlers of these items from the American past only occasionally use phrases such as "the romance of yesteryear" when they discuss the appeal of their weapons. Because of gun-control laws, buying modern rifles involves a lot of red tape, but few of the 50 states require a license to own a muzzle-loader. Moreover, there is a trend toward having special seasons for primitive weapons, including muzzle-loaders. And some states allow muzzle-loaders to be used during the regular hunting season.

The Kentucky rifle, with its variation, the plains rifle, was the standard frontier weapon from around 1750 until repeating rifles appeared during the Civil War, and one reason the present generation is attracted to them is their complexity: few artifacts give one so sharp a sense of what the pioneers were really up against.

END

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BOOKTALK

by J. D. REED

BEFORE IT UPSTAGES THE SUPER BOWL, U.S. SOCCER MUST RETAIN ITS FREEDOM

The subtitle of Paul Gardner's *The Simplest Game* (Little, Brown, \$8.95) is both attractive and accurate—"The Intelligent American's Guide to the World of Soccer." And indeed, one finds tactical talk, inside dope, analyses of styles and predictions for the future of the world's most popular game as it continues a slow growth in the United States. These Gardner gives us with the agile wit and concise style that one expects from one of the foremost English soccer writers. But add that to the fact that Gardner has lived in the U.S. 17 years, and you have an author whose vision is in step with reality. He can see through the pretty pictures painted by home-grown pundits who insist that pro soccer will be pushing the Super Bowl off TV within five years.

Gardner threads his way easily through

soccer's history, its principal styles, its stars and its chaotic future as the home of basketball, football and sports conglomerates. As Pelé says in his foreword, "[It] is not meant to teach you how to play the sport, or how to watch it, or how to coach it. Yet, when you have read all that Paul Gardner has to say, I think you will have a new and deeper understanding of soccer."

The reason has to do with Gardner as a writer. He engagingly describes the "working class" sport in his portrayal of a soccer game played by 12-year-olds in a suburb of Palermo, Sicily:

"His name was Salvatore, and he was the undisputed star of the game; his skinny little legs with their incongruously large black shoes were everywhere, and he was a source of mixed wonderment and amusement to his friends. A hefty swing of his leg sent the ball spinning wildly off the edge of his foot, straight up in the air, never stopping for a moment, he ran around in a tight little circle looking for the ball until it dropped, like a padded thunderbolt, right on top of his head. One of the other boys who had been watching this brief scene suddenly spun around and I could see his face, pulled tightly closed, his eyes wrinkled up, his mouth stretched and com-

pressed into a thin grinning line, his hands dropped helplessly at his sides. He made not a sound, but I have never seen such a wonderful portrait of pure joy."

As for the future of soccer in the U.S., Gardner poses an interesting question to the owners, organizers and officials of the U.S. soccer movement, one that has, in his view, an implied answer. "We have already seen that the chief result of the growing commercialization of world soccer has been that the sport has become more defensive, more cautious, and less exciting. The question, then, is, can American soccer, which is to be unabashedly based on cash and whose progress will be carefully guided, retain its freedom? The spirit of soccer demands freedom, freedom to experiment, freedom to be bold and daring and imaginative, freedom to play. When those freedoms are stifled by over-coaching or overplanning or even overfinancing, then soccer becomes a hollow shell of a game. It has lost the very things that have made it not just a game, but the game."

We have an opportunity in this country to help revitalize the world's greatest game. After reading Gardner's book, the well-informed "Intelligent American" will be ready for that exciting responsibility. **END**

#1 menthol U.S.A. 1977

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

EDITORIAL

After squabbling for nearly 37 months, or since their last contract expired, the National Football League owners and players reached agreement last week.

Thank God.

MARVIN'S BARGAINS

The savage blast directed at Agent Jerry Kapstein a couple of weeks ago by Marvin Miller, executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association, was prompted as much by Miller's concern that the hard-earned agreement the Players Association reached last spring with the owners was being undercut as it was by his stated fear that some agents were giving their clients the fast shuffle.

Miller's credibility was at stake. Next time he sits down to work out an agreement with the owners, he has to be able to reassure them that what they see is indeed what they get, that he, Marvin Miller, is the true and final voice of the players, and that a cacophonous choir of agents from Boston to Los Angeles is not the music the owners ought to be paying attention to.

To reestablish his authority and that of the Players Association, Miller has to bring the agents under some sort of control. In pursuit of this, late in January he sent a letter to every agent he could track down. Citing recommendations from the House Select Committee on Professional Sports, he asked them for "their views" on such things as the need for standards of ethical and professional behavior for agents in all sports, as well as for a uniform approach to agent-client relationships. He specifically mentioned such potentially ticklish subjects as fee arrangements, which can be construed as a nice term for kickbacks, conflict of interest, solicitation of players and, most significantly, the relationship of agents to various players associations and to the collective bargaining agreements achieved by those associations.

Some shoot-from-the-hip critics ac-

cused Miller of attacking agents because of sour grapes—that he resents players turning to agents after Miller and the Baseball Players Association achieved the breakthrough that made the money tree grow. It's more than that, Miller, an old labor negotiator, understands the frustration building in the owners. When the owners signed the contract with the players' union they made important concessions in exchange for what they assumed to be a stable situation. They did not expect to find themselves in a situation more unstable than ever. Instability can lead to chaos—owners abandoning franchises, clubs folding, contraction of pro sport instead of expansion—and chaos means nobody wins, not even a player with a 10-year, \$5 million contract.

MAYBE JUST A LITTLE

If Marvin Miller's disenchantment with agents surprises you, you must remember that agents are inconsistent. Bob Woolf, the highly respected Boston lawyer who represents some very prominent athletes, wrote an article a couple of months ago for *The New York Times* in which he said he would not allow clients of his to renegotiate a contract. Perhaps in a technical sense it was not renegotiating, but last spring Woolf and one of his clients, pitcher Luis Tiant, talked rather sternly with the Boston Red Sox about what Luis felt was inadequate recompense in his existing contract, and Tiant did not report to spring training until owner Tom Yawkey stepped in and saw to it that Luis was made happy. Now Tiant, still represented by Woolf, is threatening to sit out 1977 unless the contract arrangement he agreed to a year ago is rearranged to Tiant's (and, presumably, Woolf's) satisfaction.

HONEST OPINION

Tyrone Phelps, welterweight, fought hard and won a close but unanimous decision over Micah (Mike) Bullock last week at Sunnyside Gardens in Queens, New York City. But instead of the usual

victor's dance around the ring, arms upraised in triumph, Phelps took the microphone away from the ring announcer, clutched his opponent by the sleeve of his terry-cloth robe and told the crowd that in his opinion Bullock had won the fight. "This is one decision I don't deserve," he said.

Well. Everybody at ringside agreed it was a historic first, that no fighter anyone could recall had ever disowned a win. Phelps' distraught manager followed his fighter from the ring, pounding his fist in his palm and shouting disjointedly, "Never ... don't ever ... you won fair ... oh, my God, oh, my God."

Despite Phelps' disclaimer, the decision stood.

REALLY MAGNIFICAT

Television, which has been trying to revive interest in fighting in the divisions below heavyweight, should have had its cameras on a recent match in the British



All-Comers Choir Loft Competition in Andover, England. Lloyd Ponting, organist at St. Mary's Church, mixed it up with the vicar of the church, the Rev. Peter Chandler, in the choir loft before a fascinated crowd of choir and congregation. The vicar had instructed Ponting to accompany Sunday evening services on a piano in the loft instead of on the church organ. Ponting insisted on using the organ. "After two verses," Ponting

continued



If you'd guess about 10 million, try again.

(The All-Star Baseball Game broadcast in July drew an estimated 24 million different adults all by itself.)

30 million? Try again.

According to the results of special research which have just come in, the four-game World Series right here last October attracted an overall audience of some 41 million different adults!

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CBS RADIO NETWORK

Source: All-Star Game—R. H. Brodwin Associates July '76 ARIE Survey. Personal observation recall research among a nationwide sample of 2,545 men and women 18 years of age and over.
World Series—ORC November '76 General Public Opinion Survey. Personal interview recall research among a nationwide sample of 2,204 men and women 18 years of age and over.
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said, "the vicar appeared in the loft and snatched my music. I attempted to retrieve it, and there was a bit of a tussle."

The bout ended in a draw, Ponting still playing the organ, the vicar playing the piano, and the choir and congregation singing *The Magnificat*.

BLACK DECLINE

The Sporting News, the venerable "Baseball Bible," says there is a decline in the number of black kids coming into baseball. About 20% of the players now on major league rosters are American blacks, but a random survey of minor league, high school and college teams by *The Sporting News* indicates the number of black players at those levels has dropped substantially below 20%.

For instance, Syracuse, a New York Yankee farm club, had three U.S. blacks on its 21-man roster late last year. Phoenix, a San Francisco farm, began the season with four black players and ended with two. At one point during the year the Detroit farm in Evansville, Ind., had only one black. Last June, when the Chicago White Sox farm club in Knoxville went to Jacksonville for a series, their one black player was not along. Knoxville Manager Gordy Lund said, "We really don't have many black players in our minor league system. I can think of nine, and that's it. I couldn't tell you the reason why there aren't more."

But two Jacksonville players, both black, thought they knew. "More black kids are playing basketball and running track now," said Joe Gates. Charlie Beamon said, "They think basketball is more fun. I try to tell a lot of those kids that they don't have to be tall to play baseball, but most of them don't listen."

Wali Ambrose of Vashon High School in St. Louis, which produced Elton Howard, the first black to be named Most Valuable Player in the American League, agrees. "When I was a boy we played baseball every available minute," he says, "but black kids today seem to feel it's more fun playing basketball. Interest in baseball just isn't as great. We used to have 75 to 80 players turn out for baseball. Last year we had about 25."

Basketball and football certainly seem to be capturing the better young black athletes. Whereas athletic scholarships are common among black basketball and football players, comparatively few go to black baseball players. *The Sporting News* notes a concomitant paucity of

blacks on its All-America college baseball teams—only 10 in the past seven years. In contrast, all five players on *The Sporting News'* 1976 All-America basketball team were black, as were 13 of the 24 on its All-America football team.

Walter Shannon, supervisor of scouting for the California Angels, says, "Black youngsters are becoming harder to sign. The jobs open to them are more attractive than minor league baseball. Basketball and football players can go right from college to the major leagues, but a baseball player generally has to work his way up, and the salaries in the minor leagues are small."

PLAIN WORDS

Jim Taylor, the tough fullback of Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers, is critical of today's NFL players.

"The modern player is basically selfish," Taylor says. "Spiking the ball in the end zone illustrates this. When I scored a touchdown, I used to realize it took 10 other guys to get me there. There are only a few left like me."

Taylor's comment on the much larger salaries the players are being paid is less caustic. "I say fine, let them get all they can get," he says, "but let them support it with performance."

He is critical of the owners, too. "The trouble between the players and the owners started when Billy Howton [then offensive end with the Packers] pointed out that football management had not provided a major medical plan for the players. Baseball and other sports had medical plans, but we didn't."

"This is where I blame the owners. They've had to be forced to do everything, first by the union and now by the courts."

SUB-PAR

Golfers are a hearty—or is it a crazy—lot. Neither rain nor sleet nor snow, etc. keeps them from their appointed rounds. With that in mind, and with snow all around and the temperature in Pittsburgh at 11° below, the Allegheny County Parks Department set about laying out a nine-hole Tom Thumb course—on a frozen lake. A bulldozer was driven onto the lake to scrape the snow off and leave icy-smooth putting greens (or whites). Holes were to be drilled into the thick ice and cups inserted. However, the two men working on the would-be course scored an inadvertent hole in one when they

and their four-ton tractor went through the four-inch-thick ice.

Blue-lipped and red-faced, they scrambled ashore and with other parks department employees set to work fishing out the machine amid the same kind of secrecy that surrounded the CIA's recovery of all or part of a sunken Russian submarine several years ago. When news of the dunking leaked to a county commissioner three weeks later, everybody denied it. A lively little debate ensued.

The ambitious project was not revived, although with the temperature soaring to a balmy 11° above, the holes could have been chipped out with an icepick. Whichever, County Parks Director David O'Loughlin, one of those who denied the incident took place, is about to become the county's planning director.

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE...

Blue Mountain Community College of Pendleton, Ore., traveled 300 miles across the state for a game with Lane Community College in Eugene. There, Mike Wick of Blue Mountain, who previously had attended the University of Oregon, which is in Eugene, was boisterously greeted by about 20 of his old fraternity brothers. During the game they sat behind the Blue Mountain bench and cheered raucously for the visitors, even though Wick was the only player they knew. They made so much noise that the officials finally called a technical foul against Blue Mountain.

"I told the referee I didn't even know them," said Coach Jerry Mosby of Blue Mountain, a bit stunned by it all. "How can they call a technical because of the crowd when we're 300 miles from home?"

THEY SAID IT

- Heidi Preuss, 15-year-old ski champion, explaining why she thought she could have had a faster time in one race: "I had a fuzz ball in my goggles and I was watching that for the first half of the run."
- Hank Peters, Orioles general manager, on the trade he made last year with the A's for Reggie Jackson, who later jumped to the Yankees: "If I knew then what I know now, I wouldn't have made it. But if I knew then what I know now, I wouldn't have voted for Richard Nixon."
- Tom Gorman, recently retired National League umpire: "Any time I got those bang-bang plays at first base, I called 'em out. It made the game shorter." **END**

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NOTHIN' COULD BE FINAH

... for Cale Yarborough, the man from Carolina, than to see the checkered flag being waved for him at the Daytona 500

by Sam Moses



They say it pays to have friends and fans in high places, and right now NASCAR's 1976 point champion, Cale Yarborough, is not likely to argue. Four days before Sunday's Daytona 500 Yarborough had received a congratulatory telegram from a "down-to-earth, regular-type guy," a guy "just like you and me," a guy Yarborough calls "my buddy." And whether or not having Jimmy Carter in his corner played an inspirational part in Yarborough winning the race and \$63,700, who knows? But Richard Petty voted for Gerald Ford, and Petty ran over a crankshaft that fell out of someone else's engine, gouging the belly of his Dodge. A curious way to lose a race. "I always knew we'd rise again one day," said Yarborough, who now is the only man other than Petty to have won the 500 more than once.

Yarborough is a politician himself—a

county commissioner in his home state of South Carolina—but Petty is the one they call King, and early in the race the five-time Daytona winner provided most of the excitement. He had pulled into his pit on the pace lap with his engine smoking badly. The hood came up, and three men dived underneath to plug a leaking oil breather tube. The race started without Petty, who managed to get under way a lap later. But a yellow flag came out on the fourth lap—Bobby Wawak's car, which bore the inscription WITH GOD YOU'RE ALWAYS A WINNER, caught fire—and Petty was able to make up the lost lap by racing to the finish line before the leaders got there to take the caution flag. However, he was dead last; 39 cars lay between him and Yarborough. But Petty began a brilliant drive, gaining seconds a lap on the front-runners despite having to weave through

continued

Yarborough's Chevy (No. 11) was going strong long after Petty (43) and Pearson (21) had parked.





A burst of flame made Bobby Wawak bail out of his spinning car on Daytona's front straight

DAYTONA 500 continued

traffic. On the 61st lap he surged into the lead, having passed every car in the race in the virtuoso effort. It was not to last. On the 108th lap his engine dropped a valve, and just moments later he ran over that errant crankshaft and pulled into his garage, the belly of his Dodge bleeding oil. "I've had enough," he said as he got out of the car and climbed to the top of his trailer to watch the rest of the race.

Most of the afternoon a cluster of top drivers had drafted each other for the lead: Yarborough, Donnie Allison, David Pearson, A. J. Foyt, Darrell Waltrip, Benny Parsons and Buddy Baker. But shortly after the midway point they began dropping out or losing laps: Allison was finished when a blown right rear tire tore up the rear end of his car. Pearson went with a dropped valve. Foyt was slowed by a vibrating rear wheel. Waltrip had an air-wrench break during a pit stop and he pulled away with only one lug nut holding a wheel on. A cautious lap later he was in the pits again to complete the tire change but too far in back to be a contender anymore.

With 10 laps remaining, Yarborough led Parsons by inches, with Baker, who had spun earlier, a lap behind in third place.

"I was running just as hard as I could through the corners but I couldn't shake Benny," said Yarborough. Parsons had seemed in a perfect position to slingshot Yarborough on the final lap, but suddenly he fell back a dozen or so car lengths, and the race was over.

Parsons pulled into his garage and lit a cigarette even before he took off his helmet, but he didn't puff on it; his lips were pursed too tightly in dejection. "Close..." a crew member said. "Does close count?" asked Parsons, who had won the

500 in 1975. "I blew it," said Parsons after he climbed out of his Chevy. "Turn Two was giving me a hard time all day. I had to get through there perfect or the wind would catch me. Toward the end I was saying to myself, 'Please let me stay on his bumper so if he makes a mistake I'm ready,' but it was me who made the mistake. A couple of laps from the end I wasn't perfect in Turn Two and I had to ease off the throttle to keep from hitting the wall. When I did, I lost Cale's draft."

And with it, the race. Yarborough had made no mistakes, and deserved the victory; it had been nine years since he had been in the winner's circle at the 500. Last year he had blown five engines during race week, the final one on the opening lap of the 500. But he was first in all three races he entered at Daytona this year—in addition to the 500 he won one of the two 125-mile qualifiers and the finale of the International Race of Champions series on Friday—and it seemed to make up for his past miseries.

On Thursday, Yarborough and Petty each had won a qualifying race with relative ease, but in timed single-car qualification runs for pole position the previous Sunday competition had been sharp. Following a few hot practice laps, Waltrip suggested that Foyt would have to settle for second fastest—after Waltrip, of course. Last year Foyt and Waltrip had been fined \$1,000 each and had had their front-row spots taken away because they had squirted illegal nitrous oxide into their intake manifolds during qualifying, so this year NASCAR's competition director and chief technical inspector, Bill Gazaway, was on his toes for what proved to be a provocative guessing and second-guessing game.

In the garage Foyt stood by his Chevy Laguna and, loud enough for Gazaway

to hear in his office at the end of the building, said, "If they find anything wrong with that thing this year, I can guarantee you they'll never see me back here again. I'll put \$100,000 cash money on the line, right now, that says that thing's legal. I got nothing to worry about."

Waltrip, meanwhile, wanted the pole bad; he was psyched up for it. "There goes Gatorade," said Parsons, an irrelevant reference to Waltrip, whose sponsor is the thirst quencher. Waltrip came off Turn Two and shot down the back-straight. "He's got a top-end gear on that car, doesn't he?" asked Parsons, more a statement than a question. "He's going to be awful disappointed if he doesn't get the pole."

Waltrip didn't, and he was. He thought his speed of 186.881 mph just might be good enough, but even before he got back to his garage Foyt's speed was announced: 187.704.

"Damn that A.J.," said Waltrip as he climbed out his car's window. "I was afraid of that. He's been running good all week. I was fooling myself into thinking I was going to beat him."

Foyt pulled into his garage slot, across the alley from Waltrip's. He flashed the disappointed young driver a smile that said, "You just ain't ready for me yet, boy," then walked over to Waltrip and said, "Don't feel too bad. Petty's gonna blow us both off."

Close. They both got blown off, all right, but not by Petty, who hit 187.192. The pole went to someone most people had forgotten about, Donnie Allison. Allison turned 188.048 mph in a Chevy prepared by Hoss Ellington, who, ironically, had set up Foyt's car for last year's Daytona 500. But Ellington and Foyt had parted later in the year. Ellington claimed he got no special satisfaction beating Foyt out of the pole and its \$5,000 reward. "Don't make no difference to me who I beat," he said. It was a statement that Allison might have echoed. Two years ago he had been replaced by Waltrip on the DiGard/Gatorade team and last year he didn't even have a ride for the 500.

After three days of further practice and sorting out, the 125-mile races were held to determine starting positions for the other 40 cars in the 42-car field. During the first race, Petty lapped all but four other finishers and averaged 179.856 mph. Many of the cars had handling problems and Petty said even the front-runners were too loose and squirrely for

his comfort, which was why he simply drove away from them. "Petty is out of everyone's class," said Pearson, who finished second. "He is fast enough to break a draft, and none of the rest of us are."

Only Waltrip prevented Yarborough's Chevy from similarly running away with the other qualifying race, but Waltrip ran out of gas on the last lap and lost enough time coasting into the pits to finish fourth behind Parsons' Chevy and Baker's Ford. Yarborough probably would have been faster than Petty had it not been for a yellow flag over the final four laps, which came when Terry Ryan blew his engine in a puff of blue smoke on the front straight.

Ryan, an Iowa truck driver, is one of the leading drivers in a new program especially for rookies. There aren't that many rookies in NASCAR. The system is not deliberately stacked against young drivers, but economics make it seem that way—a man has to be a contender before he can attract solid sponsors, and it's difficult to be a contender without money from sponsors. The situation is motor racing's Catch-22, and has its hardest impact in stock car racing, because experience counts for so much.

This year Citicorp is offering \$55,000 for NASCAR rookies. The fastest newcomer in each of the 30 Grand National races wins \$500, and the year's best rookie gets a flat \$10,000 plus \$1,000 per race starting money in 1978. It is a good program, both overdue and unique: the money goes where it is needed and appreciated most.

Ryan wasn't the only rookie with strong credentials. There were Elliott Forbes-Robinson, 33, a double SCCA champion fresh from a fifth-place finish in the Daytona 24-hour race; Sam Sommers, 37, an easygoing Georgian who has been a late-model sportsman ace in the South for 13 years; and Ricky Rudd, 20, the youngest driver in the race by six years.

Another rookie was Janet Guthrie, who, to her immense relief, was finally not making headlines simply for being a woman, which she is, never mind that it says Kelly Girl across the side of her car. And Guthrie turned out to be the race's top rookie with her 12th-place finish Sunday. In fact, she was the only rookie to complete the race.

Funny thing about those rookies plucking at Citicorp's cash: only Sommers, Rudd and Jimmy Capps could be

called Southerners. NASCAR's makeup is changing—not radically, and not overnight, but changing nonetheless.

Ironically, while NASCAR is opening its doors a bit wider, there is a heightened sensitivity among the Southern drivers to stereotyped characterizations of them in the "outside"—meaning Yankee—press as dumb hillbillies who say things like "I blowed my motor." Which they do. But dumb? Hardly. It's not as if Southern stock car drivers read restaurant reviews in *The New York Times*, but they don't miss a beat about what goes on around them.

Ask Roger Penske, who is a pretty sharp Northerner. Penske will tell you any man who thinks slow talking means slow thinking is a fool. Penske has been trying to be a winner in stock car racing for five years now, and he's downright frustrated. If he's in the mood, he may even concede that Southerners have forgotten more than he'll ever know about stock car racing—and not just the nuts and bolts, but the psychology of the game. So whom does Penske hire for a crew chief? Travis Carter, a bright young mechanic from Ellerbe, N.C.

The smartest crew in the world couldn't have helped the Penske team at Daytona. The 500 was hard on everyone and hardest on Penske's CAM2 Mercury driven by Dave Marcis. Only 19 of the 42 starters were still moving at the finish, and Marcis was the last of these, being credited with completing 103 laps,

97 less than Yarborough. When it crossed the line Marcis' car was running with a different engine than it had at the start and was missing its left front fender. The first engine overheated and blew up because the front end of the car had been clogged by paper blowing across the track, a problem that plagued nearly everyone. Another engine to meet such a death was that in Neil Bonnett's Dodge. Growled Harry Hyde, Bonnett's crew chief, as he pointed to the grille, which looked like the bottom of a garbage can, "We got plugged up so bad we cooked her. Look at the front of that car! Get you a good look at it!"

Hyde called it a day right then and there, but Travis Carter and crew changed the Mercury's engine in 50 minutes. They could have saved their sweat. There was Marcis, back out on the track minding his own business, just trying to finish the race, when Salt Walther tapped Baker's car. "There was spinning all over the place," said Marcis. "I hit someone in the rear end but I'm not sure who."

It wasn't Yarborough, but he very nearly got caught up in the mess. "I almost hit both Walther and Baker," said Cale. "I don't know how I got out of it. I just turned left and was bouncing over the grass at 200 miles an hour." Once back on the track, Yarborough had smooth sailing the rest of the way. But then he had called it, hadn't he? He knew all along he would rise again one day.

END

Petty was spectacular after a disheartening start while Benny Parsons suffered a disheartening finish



ON THE TRIP TO THE PIT THE BRUINS GOT BIT

Venturing north, UCLA overcame pesty Oregon State, but in the venomous confines of Oregon's McArthur Court, the Ducks' hex proved all it was cracked up to be

by Larry Keith

The UCLA basketball team may be awesome everywhere else, but when it enters the Willamette Valley to play Oregon State and Oregon, it is just plain awful.

Last week disaster struck again. The sky was clear, the temperatures were in

the high 60s and UCLA should have felt right at home, but from out of the balmy blue came a blow as shattering as a logger's ax. After having to hustle on Thursday night in Corvallis to beat Oregon State 89-76, on Saturday in Eugene UCLA lost to Oregon, 64-55, for the sec-

ond time this year and the third time in succession.

Since UCLA began its domination of the Pacific Eight and the NCAA in 1964, it has lost only 16 conference games, but nine of them have been to the Oregon schools. This latest slip on the Oregon Trail dropped the Bruins into a first-place tie with the Oregon Ducks, each with only three games remaining.

Even though UCLA was 19-3 and third-ranked nationally when it left Los Angeles, nobody expected it to get out of the Oregon woods without at least a few splinters. California Coach Dick Edwards even suggested that the Bruins might lose both games, as they did in 1966 and 1974, the latter with Bill Walton. Oregon Coach Dick Harter, utilizing a bit of psychological warfare, flatly predicted that UCLA would definitely lose—to Oregon State.

While the Ducks were staying in the race by edging last-place USC 60-57 on Thursday, the Bruins were all but eliminating the contending Beavers 40 miles away in Corvallis. It was no easy accomplishment, however. UCLA did not take the lead for good until early in the second half and did not break the game open until it unleashed its running attack with 10 minutes to go. In the meantime there were plenty of indications why this young UCLA team is unlike those of Wooden's dynasty days: the lack of confidence (arrogance), the occasional zone defense, the strategic retreats into a delay offense and the absence of a dominating center make it very different. (Oh, there was a pretty good big man on hand—Walton was watching his former team for one of the few times since he became a Portland Trailblazer two years ago.)

But even in the Wooden years, trips to Oregon could be harrowing. The Ducks' McArthur Court is a viperous den known as the Pit. More than 10,500 fans press against the sidelines and peer down from two low, stacked balconies. There is also the usual tenacity of Coach Harter's Kamikaze Kids to help make the setting seem more appropriate for a cockfight than a basketball game.

None of this was lost on the Bruins as they pondered Saturday's game. Everyone agreed it was the toughest place to play in the league, and Coach Gene Bar-



Encouraged by fans with ring-side seats, Oregon's Ballard (42) fights a pack of Bruins for a rebound

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER

tow, a veteran of both the Missouri Valley and Big Ten, said he had never seen anything to compare with it. Horror stories were told of the times Walton and David Meyers had to fight their way out after landing in the stands, and of the din that can jam instructions from the sideline. "The fans go berserk," said Forward Marques Johnson. "You have to be mentally tough or you'll get intimidated," said Center Brett Vroman.

By some accounts the Pit was about the only advantage Oregon had. Nobody understood how the erratic Ducks (17-7), even with star Forward Greg Ballard, could still be in the conference race, much less looking for another victory over UCLA. "I don't know myself why we have so much success against them," Harter said on Friday. "They have better players and they aren't even our biggest rivals. We'd much rather beat Oregon State and Washington. We don't play them any differently. All I know is that every time we beat them I get invited to speak at five more clinics."

There really is no secret. Oregon plays the same kind of ball that has enabled Harter's former Pennsylvania assistant, Notre Dame's Digger Phelps, to beat the Bruins in each of the last four seasons, aggressive defense, deliberate offense, physical domination. Even though the Bruins knew this was how Oregon would come at them, they were not particularly worried. Guard Roy Hamilton said UCLA had entered "its stretch drive for the national title," and at dinner Friday night Bartow said he could not help but believe that his team would play well. The game might not even be close.

Now in his second year, Bartow is no longer the bundle of nerves and self-doubt he was last season. Then he altered his lineup to suit anyone who threatened to quit; now he says, "If anybody wants to go somewhere else, I'll help him find the school. What happens, happens. I no longer worry over things I can't control."

This is the best possible approach for a game in the Pit. As the Bruins worked out in the empty arena on Friday afternoon, students were laying out sleeping bags so they could get the best seats when the doors opened Saturday. Some, in fact, had been there since after the Thursday night game. When the stampede came Saturday afternoon their number had grown to several hundred.

Even after 50 years, the Pit has few of

the trappings of UCLA's Pauley Pavilion. For one thing, it trails in championship banners 10 to one (representing Oregon's victory in the first NCAA tournament 38 years ago). But, like an old vaudevillian, the Pit does have showmanship. Before the game, the crowd warmed up to the blaring music of the pep band and the high-kicking legs of six cheerleaders. Frisbees sailed across the courts from one balcony to another. Down below, King Kong prowled the sideline and the Lone Ranger rode his broomstick horse. When someone produced six of the biggest yellow balloons ever seen, they kept coming down on UCLA's side of the floor, never where the Oregon players were taking their pregame shots. Up in the stands six students gave a flash-card salute to Bartow. BARTOW, the cards briefly read, until one of them was flipped and the message became BARFOW. Welcome to the Pit.

In the first half, however, it looked as if the Bruins might have the last laugh. Although they started slowly, trailing through most of the first 11 minutes, they built a 10-point lead. Oregon stayed in the game only because of the outside shooting of freshman John Murray, who hit on six of seven shots. By halftime the Bruins, unperturbed by either the crowd noise or Murray's hot hand, led 37-29.

The second half was another story. No one can recall when UCLA last scored only 18 points in a 20-minute period. Or when they so completely lost control of a game. The close-in shots and rebounds that had come so easily weren't there. Instead, the Bruins stood around and watched Ballard, the Ducks' all-time leading rebounder and third-leading scorer put on a one-man show.

In the first eight minutes of the period, Ballard accounted for 16 of his team's 18 points by hitting two free throws and seven consecutive jump shots. This brought Oregon back, but it was Center Kelvin Small who put the Ducks ahead 51-49 by tipping in a missed shot at 8:58. It did not seem too significant at the time, but UCLA never led again.

After Ballard blocked and recovered a shot by Dave Greenwood, the Ducks scored again to make the lead four points. Then Vroman turned over the ball by walking in the open court and an Oregon basket made the lead six. UCLA's Johnson barreled inside twice to narrow the margin to two with 4:45 remaining, but the Bruins did not score another bas-

ket. All the while, the crowd was shaking the building and when the Ducks had won 64-55 it stormed onto the court and severed the nets at both ends.

Unfortunately, one fan moved ominously in Bartow's direction, which seemed to bother the coach almost as much as the loss. "I still think we'll win the league because our schedule is a little easier than Oregon's," he said, "but these people here are crazy."

In the hallway by the Oregon dressing room, Ballard was standing with a towel around his waist, a net around his neck and 28 points in his scoring column. "No other player in the country has won four of eight against UCLA," he said proudly, though incorrectly. Notre Dame's seniors also share that distinction, but what Ballard did was help Oregon beat UCLA for the third straight time, the longest streak against the Bruins since California won eight in a row from 1957-60.

Harter, meanwhile, was agreeing with a suggestion that UCLA was psyched out by the Pit and its denizens. "You know something else," he said, grinning boyishly. "It's crazy to say, but I can think of three other games against them we probably should have won, too."

Cimon, Duck, let's not get greedy. **END**

There was an overnight wait for available seats.





After conquering the field and some last-minute jitters, Purtzer got to nibble at a \$40,000 salad

ANOTHER RABBIT IS IN THE LETTUCE PATCH

Golfers you probably never heard of have been stealing headlines and money from big-name pros, which is what Tom Purtzer did in Los Angeles **by Sarah Pileggi**

Tom Purtzer won the Los Angeles Open last week, and thus joined Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead and almost everyone else who has mattered in the history of the PGA tour. The crowds that carpeted the hillside of the natural amphitheater that is Riviera's celebrated 18th green had come to see the likes of Ben Crenshaw, Tom

Weiskopf or Hale Irwin. But these stars faded early. By the time 25-year-old Purtzer, in pursuit of his first tour win, had shot a final-round 72, steadying himself every time he faltered, twice losing and then regaining his slim lead over Lanny Wadkins, the galleries had grown accustomed to his face. In fact, they rather liked it.

It was hard to say who wanted victory more, Wadkins, who has endured the torture of oblivion for three years, or Purtzer, a promising apprentice desperate for the breakthrough that would remove him from the rabbit category and set him on his life's way. Sunday's final round was a dramatic match from the first hole, where Wadkins grabbed off a quick, intimidating birdie, until the 18th, where Purtzer saved par and the win he has been waiting two years for. He did it with a wonderfully difficult chip and a heart-stopping 5-foot putt. Purtzer's winning score was 68-67-66-72—273, 11 under par.

With that last putt and the \$40,000 it brought, Purtzer's apprenticeship came to an end and so did the PGA's Western swing, one of the strangest beginnings pro golf has experienced in quite a while. At the conclusion of seven events one could only look around and wonder where everybody had gone. Why wasn't Weiskopf or Irwin out there, under the eucalyptus trees, pocketing the check for \$40,000? What happened to Crenshaw? By this time last year he had won two tournaments. How could Jack Nicklaus miss a cut in a place like Honolulu? Where was Raymond Floyd hiding? And what about Johnny Miller, the Desert Fox himself? Six of the brightest stars of the game, winners of two major championships and almost a million and a quarter dollars in prize money last year, seemed to be in total eclipse.

In 1976, the six of them—Weiskopf, Irwin, Crenshaw, Nicklaus, Floyd and Miller—had won five of the first seven tournaments and finished in the top ten 12 times. This year, after the same seven tournaments—Phoenix, Tucson, the Crosby, San Diego, Hawaii, the Hope and the L.A. Open—they had not won anything, and they had not even finished in the top ten. Not once, in 23 starts. In 1976 the big six averaged \$9,600 a start for the entire year. So far this year they are averaging \$1,375. Their total take for the first seven tournaments of 1977 is \$31,635, which is only slightly more than Andy Bean has earned all by himself—and not much better than the top six caddies are doing.

Bruce Lietzke, the hero of the Winter Tour, has played five tournaments (he passed up L.A. because his father was ill) and won \$123,350; Johnny Miller has played the same five tournaments and won \$680. Last year by this time, Miller

had made \$84,000 and had won two tournaments. Miller skipped L.A. last week in favor of a trip to Australia, saying as he left, "You'll hear from me again." After three straight missed cuts, one withdrawal and a tie for 41st, Johnny is Down Under with no place to go but up.

As everyone knows, Nicklaus is a slow starter, but an 11th-place finish at the Crosby and a missed cut in Hawaii barely constitute ignominy. Think of it this way. The greatest player of the age has missed the cut in two of his last four starts. From the Kaiser in 1970 through the World Series in 1976, in 105 tournaments, Jack never missed a cut. Finally, at the World Open in Pinehurst last September, it happened. He missed by a stroke. Since then he has played in three tournaments—the Ohio Kings Island Open and the Crosby, finishing in the money both times, and the Hawaiian Open, where he missed the cut by one stroke again.

Going into the L.A. Open, Irwin, the defending champion who last year brought Riviera to its august knees with a 12-under-par 272, was 48th on the PGA money list. Coming out he was exactly \$533 richer, having finished tied for 46th. Crenshaw added an inglorious 34th to his earlier 50th, 63rd, 15th and 35th. When the weekly money list was posted in the Riviera locker room last Tuesday, showing Crenshaw with a mere \$4,293, someone suggested in jest that perhaps it was not too early for Crenshaw to start thinking about his ex-

emption for 1978. Weiskopf might have been startled to see himself in 60th position on the same list, had it not been for the fact that with \$5,890 in winnings he was far out in front of Nicklaus at 69th, Crenshaw at 75th, Floyd at 89th and Miller at—good grief!—147th.

When one considers, further, that Gary Player has not won a tournament in the U.S. for more than two years and that Lee Trevino underwent back surgery in December and has yet to play this year, it seems possible that the time may be near for a major revision in the PGA script with a whole new cast of characters.

At Los Angeles, Tom Weiskopf was the only star within striking distance of the lead after 36 holes, and the attention of Saturday's enormous galleries was focused on him. As Tall Tom set off on his 7,029-yard trek, every fan trudging alongside knew that if anybody could take the tournament away from the nobodies, it was this particular somebody. Weiskopf inspires that sort of confidence, even though he has not won a tour event since the 1975 Canadian Open. His height, his elegant posture, his marvelous swing, the small smile that plays around his mouth when things are going well all contribute.

But Weiskopf finished the day at 74, 14 strokes behind Purtzer. The third day really belonged to Purtzer, whose swing is as esthetically pleasing as Weiskopf's. Purtzer and Wadkins had started the third round in a tie at seven-under with

a two-stroke lead over Roger Maltbie and Craig Stadler. But while Wadkins had to struggle for his 69, saving himself with his putting on several occasions, Purtzer, by his own description, had "one of those days you dream about." His 66 came from hitting well, driving well and "making more putts today than I made all last year."

Purtzer's front-side 33 was a steady, two-birdie affair, but the back-side 33 was a wild mélange of four birdies, an eagle, three bogeys and a single par. The eagle was scored on Riviera's par-5 11th, a 559-yard straightaway crossed by a meandering barranca and bordered by towering eucalyptus and twisted sycamores. Purtzer hit a perfect drive and a perfect three-wood to reach the green, and then sank his 25-foot putt. He was tired at the end of the day, but he was having fun.

Purtzer had led a tour event only once before. At Philadelphia last June he led or was tied for the lead for three rounds before his final 75 hurled him back into an eight-way tie for 12th. "Every time you're there it gets easier," he said late Saturday with a three-stroke lead over Wadkins and five over Bob Gilder, who had come on with a 68. "It's just a matter of time."

Tom Purtzer's time came Sunday. Mark it down, alongside Rick Massengale and Lietzke, because the nobodies are somebodies now. They are the new tour, and it looks as though they are going to be around for a while.

END

Crenshaw, Weiskopf and Irwin all hoped to end their early-season slumps, but on Sunday evening none of their names was posted on the leaderboard.



ALL THEIR MINDS WERE ON ONE TRACK



Five outstanding milers plotted winning strategies for the San Diego race, but Wilson Waigwa was fastest on his feet

by Kenny Moore

The merit of a racing strategy depends upon how well it suits its practitioner. And therein lies the drama of a hard, shifting middle-distance race. A field of superb runners will be divided at the finish less by talent than by how well their natures fit the race's imperatives. The mile run in last weekend's Jack in the Box Indoor Games in San Diego was a perfect example. It may have seemed that Wilson Waigwa and Steve Scott, who raced to a one-two finish, disrupted a classic confrontation between outdoor record holder and Olympic champion John Walker and undefeated indoor craftsman Eamonn Coghlan. But in fact the race was a fascinating revelation of the way relatively unheralded milers can take advantage of the limitations of their more renowned opponents.

The most predictable strategy was that of Coghlan, a blue-eyed charmer who might have outdone Ryan O'Neil in the part of young Barry Lyndon. He would again attempt his startling sprint over the last 70 yards, accelerating off the final high-banked curve past whatever unfortunate leader had his eyes fixed on the looming tape. Coghlan ran this way at Villanova, in the tradition of Ron Delany and Dave Patrick, if not that of the longer-driving Marty Liquori, but he had learned it back in Ireland at 17 when Coach Gerry Farnan instructed him in the art of completely changing styles in the leaden, protesting final moments of a mile. "I let everyone else begin to kick," said Coghlan the day of the race. "I go with them and then change from a rolling, smooth stride to the short, choppy one of a 100-meter sprinter. I've devel-

Walker led but couldn't shake Coghlan—nor Crouch, Scott, Cummings and Waigwa either

oped the technique by practice. At Villanova guys used to get ticked off at me in training because occasionally I would sprint the last 70 without warning."

Still Coghlan is not unaware of the tactic's weakness. "Coach Jumbo Elliott pointed it out to me when I was at Villanova. He said it is so sudden and wild it can't be sustained. My answer is that I make it at the right time." For sure, Coghlan made it at the right time in his previous 12 indoor miles because he won them all, six this year, including a leaning win over Walker two weeks ago in Los Angeles, where both runners were timed in four minutes flat. Coghlan was shown a photograph of that race taken when he was a yard from the finish. "It looks like John's ahead," he said. At that point Walker was.

San Diego was to be Coghlan's last indoor race of a tour that included wins in Toronto, Cleveland and Montreal on consecutive nights the previous weekend, all in modest times. In fact, none of his races had been off a fast pace. "They've all played into my hands, every single one," he said, adding that the most effective tactic against him was probably a hard middle half-mile to draw his kick.

In no event would Coghlan lead early. This he had confirmed in the most terrible of runner's crucibles, the Olympic 1,500-meter final. "Fourth," he said, his eyes flashing, "the worst of all possible places." And all because he departed from his well-polished tactic. "I took the lead," recalls Coghlan, "and suddenly I knew it was wrong. I wanted out of it. But no one would pass. I didn't increase the pace. I just stayed there. And every time I see it on TV, I say, 'Oh, my God, why did I do that?'" He would not lead.

Walker is a more flexible strategist than Coghlan, but indoors his options are limited by the tight turns that make it hard for a big man to pass late in a race and, recently, by his own uncertain condition. In October, returning home to Auckland after receiving the Order of the British Empire in Wellington, he was stricken with appendicitis. Walker's cure was to spend a day at the Hamilton trotting races, "feeling bloody crook." Finally,

when the pain became unbearable he reported to a hospital where he was rushed into surgery. He did not begin jogging again until the day before Christmas, and six weeks later—and four hours off a plane from New Zealand—he ran the 4:00.0 in Los Angeles.

The next week, better rested, though fighting a glandular infection, he won the Olympic Invitational 1,500 in New York in 3:40.2, the equivalent of a 3:57.2 mile. Then he came to San Diego, where he was besieged with the familiar questions about Filbert Bayi, the Tanzanian who holds the world 1,500 record.

Bayi was also making selected appearances on the U.S. indoor circuit but was back East after winning in 3:57.2 in Louisville. Though invited to race in San Diego by Meet Director Al Franken, Bayi had pointedly declined, saying, "We were given a directive by the government when we left. The ban [on competing against New Zealanders] stands." Bayi, an army lieutenant, is a good soldier, but one seemed to glimpse a hint of his personal sentiment in his choice of language: "This decision is justified and we don't feel any pain in obeying . . . we cannot be disappointed." It was a measure of Bayi's luck that going to Durham, N.C. in search of warm training weather, he found snow.

A sour feeling grows as these two outstanding milers continue to be held unnaturally apart. It sometimes appears to Walker that spectators cannot take his races seriously unless Bayi is in them. But Walker does not incessantly grind away at the insoluble. As Bayi has done, he accepts. "It's to the stage now where it's a joke, everyone asking where he is. I feel sorry for him, afraid he might say the wrong thing, let it out that he disagrees. Of course, we all want back together." Franken, who tried for a last-minute "clarification" from the Tanzanian Embassy, was disgusted, saying, "I'm a 100% loser versus politics. Beginning 20 years ago when we tried to get Emil Zatopek from Czechoslovakia, I've lost every time."

Meanwhile Walker prepared for his race by jogging lightly and sampling some



Waigwa's 3:55.7 came on a typical final burst.

local fare, trying rabbit in a restaurant he found attractively named The Debauchery. "They had chased the rabbit down the freeway until it was rather sinewy," he reported. For a snack, Walker and countryman Rod Dixon, who would run the two-mile, bought a large Dungeness crab in a supermarket, took it outside and cracked it on the sidewalk. "When they got done," said a companion, "it looked like something awfully mean had vomited in the carpark."

On the crucial question of tactics, Walker meant to be mean. "Coghlan doesn't contribute anything to the race by sitting and kicking," he said. "If I can get a 10-yard break on him late in the race, he'll never catch me." But Walker sensed his racing condition ebbing. "So much travel and so little training," he said. "I got away with it in New York last week. I only have to get away with it one more time." In midrace, then, Walker would lead.

Wilson Waigwa would surely follow. The shy senior economics major from the University of Texas at El Paso by way of Nairobi always has, and in big races he has become a common sight, drifting early, then blasting through the last laps like a quartermiler, only to fall a yard or two short at the finish. The week before he had run in three events in the WAC conference

continued

ference meet (he won the mile in 4:08.4, the two-mile in 8:45.7 and anchored UTEP's winning distance medley relay team) and admitted to some fatigue. But at least one friend, fellow Kenyan Mike Boit, who won the 1,000 at San Diego in 2:05.5, the fastest time ever on an 11-lap track, saw something approaching resolve in his normally casual countryman. "We were walking around," said Boit, "and heard it said that Walker planned to run 3:53. Wilson said very softly, 'I will be with him.'"

Paul Cummings also was modifying his strategy. A month ago he had won the Sunkist Games mile in 3:59.2 wearing flats, but for this race he was changing to spikes. "It could be slow," Cummings said an hour before the start. "There are lots of guys who don't lead, and Walker not wanting Coghlan to beat him could change things. Walker could get out there with half to go but he'll save a little. I probably won't be helping anyone out the first quarter." After that Cummings would clearly keep his eyes open.

So would Steve Scott, a 20-year-old

junior at California Irvine, who hoped he would be somewhere. Last season the converted half-miler from Upland, Calif., served as the rabbit in the Sunkist Invitational mile, finishing in 4:16. Adapting to the new distance outdoors he ran a 4:03.5 and a 3:40.4 1,500 and in this year's Sunkist had a personal best of 3:59.7. Like the rest of the field, Scott seemed to have neither the finish of Coghlan nor the strength of Walker. His only chance, he reasoned, was to seek a moment, and if it came, to seize it.

While Scott waited for the start of his race, he watched Rosalyn Bryant, wearing funny orange socks and a pensive gaze, set a world record of 1:03.3 in the women's 500-yard run, her third world record of the year, bringing her total to five at distances from 220 yards to 500 meters. For that she rightly got the outstanding performer trophy, but the sell-out crowd may be forgiven if it howled loudest during the mile.

Scott's teammate, John Koningh, was the rabbit, taking the lead off the first turn and hitting the quarter in 58.3.

Walker in second allowed a few yards to open before him, and Coghlan moved to Walker's shoulder. Before the half, Walker pulled up on the tiring Koningh, and the others watched him intently. "John didn't look very confident," said Graham Crouch, the Melbourne accountant and Australian 1,500-meter champion then running in fourth place.

The half was 1:59.6, and Koningh swayed wide and quit. Walker ran into the lead. After a lap it was clear that he had decided he couldn't surge away. He slowed and drifted wide. Coghlan suddenly found himself in front. With an expression of shocked distaste he too eased. The pack bunched up, bringing Waigwa, who was running last, to within a few yards of Coghlan in first. At that moment perhaps every runner but the poorly conditioned Walker had a chance to win had he moved. It was Scott who took the moment, accelerating with a vengeance while the others, slow to react, let him go. With four of the 11 laps left, Scott had 15 yards on Paul Cummings, with Waigwa third. Scott hit the three-quarter mile in three minutes.

Gradually the pack coalesced, but the leaders were steaming now and Walker and Coghlan, running fourth and fifth, were too far back. Scott looked strong with a lap to go, but Waigwa was into second and burning. He shot past Scott on the backstretch and sailed home in 3:55.7, the third-fastest time to Tony Waldrop's 3:55.0 indoor world record, which was set on this track in 1974. Scott cut 3.2 seconds from his best with 3:56.5. Coghlan was third in 3:57.9, Cummings fourth in 3:58.2 and Walker fifth in 3:59.2, more men under four minutes than in any indoor race ever.

"I felt heat in my chest," said Waigwa, pressing his hand over his sternum, and it was unclear whether he meant pain or passion. Perhaps some of each. Saying, "I just wanted to finish fast—and first," he implied that he has had enough of kicking too late.

"Waigwa really deserved it," said Coghlan. "He's had so many great seconds and thirds in wonderful times."

Asked whether he was afraid of Walker or Coghlan at the end, Waigwa said, innocently, "No. When I pass someone, I forget him."

"He won't forget you," Walker was heard to mutter.

Scott was walking in a weary daze when he heard his time. He cried out

continued

A "rolling start" for Frank Shorter's last-lap kick was too much for Rod Dixon in the two-mile race.





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and buried his head in his hands, a moment of expanding dreams, a moment shared by many. "That kid will probably be the first American under 3:50," said Frank Shorter. "The way he knew what he had to do and never hesitated."

In the two-mile Shorter himself had something of a tactical problem in the person of 3:53 miler Dixon. "He's not in terrific shape," said Shorter, "but he always has that speed." So Shorter, pointing for this race all winter, trained to make Dixon apply that speed over a greater distance than it would stretch. Dixon led early at a solid but not sensational rate. "I was thinking," said Shorter, "that he was doing what he did in New York the week before, keeping the pace moderate so he could kick the last quarter. But there was no sense in my leading until I was ready to go to the max the rest of the way."

At a mile and a half, Shorter was ready and bolted ahead, finding a driving rhythm slightly faster than a four-minute mile. The tall, bronzed Dixon was after him with disturbing alacrity and they quickly drew away from the field. With a quarter to go, Dixon still looked eager. Shorter went harder, grim around the mouth, his eyes fiery with the effort. "My sprinting isn't like other people's," he said later. "It takes me longer to really get wound up. So I tried to bust it with two laps to go in hopes that I'd be going all out on the last one." He was, and Dixon began to slip back. "You think you can always last just one bloody lap more," said Dixon, regarding his body as a traitor. "I couldn't."

Grimacing savagely, for somehow in the fury of his sprint he knew he was pulling away. Shorter ran through storms of astonished cheers to finish in 8:27.3, the fastest two-mile of the year. Dixon followed in 8:30, and in a few moments they were leaning on each other in the infield, two men who share a deep mutual respect. Later, Dixon said, "That Shorter. You just have to give it to him. If he can find a way, he'll make it work. And the thing is, he *trains*. Last week in Montreal, he'd run fourth. I got up the next morning and it was so cold that I could barely scrape a hole in the frost on the window. I peeped out, and there was Shorter, in balaclava and mittens, going up and down the snowy street."

"That is the only way I can win these things," said Shorter. "Training and tactics."

END



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**IBM Office System 6. Which components will you need?
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'IN THE SPIRIT OF JOY AND SOME JOY OF THE SPIRIT'

The sports-award banquet circuit is one of the rites of winter, a time to get Tony Dorsett's autograph, drink a beer with Billy Carter and hear some jokes

by RON REID

From Palo Alto to Pittsburgh, from Miami to Minneapolis, sports banquets glut the winter calendar, providing the diners—who pay from \$17.50 to \$100 per plate, depending on who's sitting at the head table—with a semilegitimate sanction for a night out with the boys, a chance to be regaled with locker-room humor and, this banquet season, an opportunity to ask Tony Dorsett for his autograph.

"I've been to 30 or 35 of these things the past few months," said Steve Garvey of the Los Angeles Dodgers one night in Spokane, "and after a while they all seem to be the same no matter where you are. But you must remember that while it may be the same for you, it's the one big sports night of the year for the people in that town." For the athletes, the banquet feast also can be very lucrative. The esteemed Washington Touchdown Club, for example, pays up to \$2,500 to ensure the appearance of its Timmie Award winners.

Here is an account of six banquets attended during a recent 10-day period marked by one missed airline connection, a 19-hour loss of luggage and, compliments to the chefs, a loss of 2½ pounds.

HOUSTON—Seventh Annual Lombardi Award Dinner. Hyatt Regency Hotel. M.C.: Ray Scott. Toastmaster: Bob Hope. Tickets: \$100. Special guests: former Michigan Center, former Yale Assistant Football Coach, former Presi-

dent Gerald R. Ford and Mrs. Ford. Attendance: 1,300.

A society function, the Houston banquet honors the nation's outstanding collegiate lineman and, thanks primarily to the Fords, sold out weeks in advance and will contribute \$115,000 to the American Cancer Society. Private cocktail parties surround the main event; the ladies are chic in long gowns; and one Texas gentleman wears a tuxedo with cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat. The ultraconservative crowd seems almost in reverence of the Fords.

In the main dining room, a tiny green bug inches across one of the tablecloths, away from the salad. A noisy singing group called Up With People—the vibes might best be described as white-collar rock—leads off the program.

The four finalists for the Lombardi Trophy, a 40-pound block of granite with the word *discipline* carved into it, are Notre Dame Defensive End Ross Browner, Texas A&M Linebacker Robert Jackson, Pittsburgh Middle Guard Al Romano (who looks like a beefy Mark Spitz) and Houston Defensive Tackle Wilson Whitley. After getting a standing ovation, Ford says, "When I told Betty that you might not be interested in seeing a former President, she said, 'You're not the only one they're coming to see.' But being here as Betty Ford's escort makes me the proudest man in the room."

Speaking to Marie Lombardi, Vince's

widow, Ford recalls that he almost signed a \$200-per-game pro contract with the Packers in 1935. "If I had signed, and if I had lasted as long as George Blanda," he says, "I might have gotten the chance, Marie, to play for Vince."

Short highlight films introduce each nominee to the audience, then their coaches take over. "I'd like to thank you, Mr. President, for the hard work you put in at the end of your term," says Notre Dame's Dan Devine. "I understand you spent a lot of time trying to find a bulletproof mule for Billy Carter to ride in the Inaugural parade." Hope follows the coaches to the microphone.

"Texas football is rough, tough, low-down, gritty and nasty, just like their chula," he says. "I suggested a new job for President Ford—bouncer at the Plains, Ga., Baptist Church. It's tough when you go from Air Force One to Ozark Air Lines. It's so cold in Plains, they're harvesting peanut brittle. And so cold in the East that Joe Namath is sleeping with three comforters."

"... and in the Inaugural parade, Carter got out and walked. You'd think the last President would have left enough gas in the car."

At award time, Hope opens the envelope and asks Ford to help announce the winner.

"What's the matter," Ford asks, "can't you read?"

"No," says Hope. "It's got Melvin Dummur's fingerprints on it."

In a pleasant, parochial surprise for the audience, the Lombardi winner is Houston's own Whitley. "I'd like to thank

continued

Johnny Majors bids goodbye to Pittsburgh (top). Paul Hanning and Jim Taylor cut up in Columbus, and Carter (glasses) hoists one in DC.





Pat Dorsett collects a hometown award, the *Dapper Darts* Men of the Year, from Al Abrams

BANQUET CIRCUIT *continued*

my sisters for my career," he says. "They kind of talked Mom into letting me play football. In the eighth grade I was 6' 3" and 225 pounds, and my mother was afraid I was going to go out and hurt someone."

MENU—Tossed seasonal salad with sliced cucumber, egg, tomato and tiny bay shrimp, vinaigrette dressing. Broiled nine-ounce rib eye steak, sauce Bordelaise. Potatoes rissole. Broccoli Mornay. Broiled tomato amandine. Crêpes Georgetown. Strawberry sauce. Coffee. Rolls and butter.

WASHINGTON—42nd Annual Touchdown Club Awards Dinner. Sheraton Park Hotel. Toastmaster: Mark Russell. Tickets: \$45. Special guests: Supreme Court Justice Byron White, Senators Richard Schweiker and James Sasser, Congressman Jack Kemp and brother-of-the-President Billy Carter. Attendance: 2,000 (stag). Black tie.

Proclaimed as the granddaddy of all sports banquets, the Touchdown Club's bash has caught some heat from *The Washington Post* for its policy of excluding women. This criticism contributes to the raucous humor of the evening and leads, for the first time in memory, to an invocation that is interrupted by laughter and followed by thunderous applause.

It is delivered by Father Thomas Kane, O.P., who intones, "Dear God, our Father and Friend, this evening we male chauvinists come to you in the spirit of joy and some joy of the spirit. But, dear God, we come primarily to thank you for the masculine liberation from unmanly prejudice, jealousy, ingratitude and re-

sentment. Dear God, teach us daily to admit our masculine limitations and to accept our distinct masculine creatureliness. Dear God, make us always conscious of our masculine potential for being your sons and make us equally conscious of how this potentiality for God-like greatness can be perverted by denying the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. Dear God, tonight as we honor and extol the masculine quality of athletic superiority in our brethren, grant to those we honor and the other speakers on this rostrum the equally masculine superior quality of brevity in speech."

The hotel ballroom is as spacious as an airplane hangar. In order for the pay-

ing guests to see each recipient of a Timmie, the 200-foot head table is intersected at its midpoint by a runway with a microphone at the end for acceptance speeches.

Russell, the political comedian, works the fem-lib angle in his remarks.

"This event raises several important questions," he says.

"Question: What is macho? Answer: a little-known Marx brother.

"Question: Has a woman ever been admitted? Answer: only Renee Richards.

"Question: Is sex really a preoccupation with sports fans? Answer: only during halftime."

The biggest laughs, though, occur midway through the evening when Russell introduces Billy Carter.

"Here's a man," Russell says, "who has fewer people in his hometown than there are at this head table. I give you the Potentate of Pilsner, the Once and Future Ambassador to Milwaukee—Billy Carter!"

The President's brother receives a loud welcome as well as a special "award," a six-pack of beer. Carter pops open a can, takes a swig and drowns in another wave of applause.

"I never talked to this many Yankees at one time in all my life," Billy says in his corn-pone tone. "In fact, I've never even seen a pro football game. I have



Steak and roast beef have replaced rubber chicken, and Baked Alaska eddy sparkle to the menu.



No 15-minute gaps for Raider Ken Stabler

seen the Atlanta Falcons twice, but I guess that don't count."

Later, at a cocktail party, Billy, as he prefers to be called, strikes up an instant friendship with Oakland Raider Coach John Madden, who is resplendent in a size 54-long tuxedo.

"I saw that thing CBS did before the Super Bowl," Billy says to Madden, "and when Tarkenton started talking about God when Stabler was talking about women, I knew I'd bet on the wrong team."

In all, the Touchdown Club presents 25 Timmies or other awards, and Raider Quarterback Ken Stabler also collects the \$25,000 Hickok Belt as Professional Athlete of the Year. Stabler follows with the only sober thought of the program. "Our country just elected a new quarterback," he says, "and I think we should all get behind his game plan so show that his nation is still the greatest in the world."

The program ends almost on the stroke of midnight. In the lobby, Billy Carter has a slug of bourbon straight from the bottle.

MENU—A seafood bisque. Mixed green salad with romaine, croutons, chopped egg, bacon bits, Caesar dressing. Individual eight-ounce filet mignon. Pengourine. Oven-roasted potatoes. Italian green beans. Water chestnuts. Tomato embassy. Savarin of chocolate ice cream filled with pistachio ice cream and pastry puffs. Coffee.

SPOKANE—29th Annual Inland Empire Sports Award Banquet. Ridgeway Hotel. M.C.: Richard Pratt. Tickets: \$17.50. Special guests: Tony Dorsett, Steve Garvey, Brent Musburger. Attendance: 780.

Unlike the Houston and Washington functions, the Spokane banquet is mainly a family affair, with the accent on local charm and church-social warmth. And unlike Houston and Washington, Spokane has not hired a celebrity M.C. or toastmaster. Pratt is a local furniture dealer.

In contrast to the Houston and Washington head tables, both of which seemed long enough for a 747 to land, Spokane's dais seats only 22. The wall behind it is adorned with caricatures of the special guests; Garvey is wearing a red cap, not the familiar Dodger blue.

"We've had many famous athletes here," Pratt says. "We've had O. J. Simpson, Fran Tarkenton, Jesse Owens and Rocky Marciano. But there's one athlete we've always wanted but have never been able to get. The most publicized figure in the history of sports. Every Saturday afternoon on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*, he falls off the ski jump. He's got a French name. I think it's Agonee Defie."

Dorsett, wearing a red carnation that matches the color of his shirt, recaps Pittsburgh's national championship season. Then he says, "It's really nice to be in Spokane because it's extremely cold in Pittsburgh right now. It's hard to believe that some of you people here want snow. If you had let me know, I would have brought some with me." Garvey,



Columbus honored Olympian Jenni Chandler

who played minor league baseball in Spokane, asks the fans to think of pro athletes as entertainers, especially in salary matters. And Musburger, the CBS broadcaster, reports that the question he hears most often is: "Where's Phyllis?" The attentive audience is delighted and would be, one suspects, even if Dorsett, Garvey and Musburger elected to talk about air traffic patterns in Zaire.

The big winner is Brewster, Wash. (pop. 1,420). The Brewster High basketball team takes the team-of-the-year honor for its 71-game winning streak, and Brewster's Dick Olson receives the coach-of-the-year award. The local pro athlete of the year is Texas Ranger rookie Second Baseman Bump Wills, son of

continued



The Spokane dinner was mainly a family affair, with Brewster High's basketball team cleaning up



Shaubach gets a trophy from male chauvonnists.

BANQUET CIRCUIT continued

ex-Dodger Maury, and the local amateur athlete of the year is Center John Yar-no, Idaho's first football All-America.

"Yar-no, Yar-no," Musburger enunciates to Dorsett. "You stay close to Big John, Tony. Guys like him are going to save your life."

MENU—Green salad with shrimp, choice of two dressings. Prime ribs of beef au jus. Foil-wrapped baked potato with chive butter. Garden green beans. Angel food cake with chocolate frosting. Iced and butter. Coffee.

COLUMBUS—22nd Annual Touchdown Club All-Sports Award Dinner. Sheraton Columbus Motor Hotel. M.C.: Paul Hornung. Tickets: \$60. Special

guests: Olympic gold medalists Jennifer Chandler, John Naber, Edwin Moses. Attendance: 988.

Previously a stag affair, the Touchdown Club shatters precedent by presenting one of its 42 awards to a woman. She is high school senior Jenni Chandler, the Olympic three-meter diving champion from Lincoln, Ala., who, coincidentally, plans to enroll at Ohio State in the fall.

Ironically, the bow to one lady coincides with a slap from another: Phyllis George, the CBS sports announcer, was scheduled to share M.C. duties with Hornung, but she was a last-minute no-show, having suddenly been assigned to cover the world figure-skating championships in Finland. Columbus is buried under one of the worst snowstorms of the winter, and several Touchdown Club members who executed perfect double Salchows on their way to the dinner grouse that George simply backed out.

George is missed, though, because Hornung fills the air with linden lines that are about as exciting as Woody Hayes' passing game.

For the first time in five years the Touchdown Club has no reason to honor Archie Griffin, and while there seems to be no reason—aside from his durability over 17 NFL seasons—to honor Defensive End Jim Marshall of the Minnesota Vikings, Marshall (along with Conrad Dobler of St. Louis) is welcomed as Pro Lineman of the Year. Marshall played at Ohio State.

"We did the best job we could," Marshall says of Minnesota's most recent Super Bowl failure, a game in which the Raiders ran over Marshall at will. "It wasn't good enough this time or the time before that, but one of these years maybe we'll do the job."

While the emphasis is on football, Ralph Kiner, the former baseball slugger, and Jenni Chandler offer the best lines.

"I'll give you an idea of what kind of team the Pirates were when I was a player," Kiner says. "Our catcher was Joe Garagiola."

"I'm honored to be your first female recipient," Chandler says. "Is my mother out there? I haven't seen her for about three hours."

MENU—Fresh fruit cocktail. Roast



Anderson briefed Tanner on baseball NL-style.

prime ribs au jus. Parsley potatoes. Broccoli soufflé. Tossed salad. Baked Alaska en parade. Rolls and butter. Coffee.

PITTSBURGH—41st Annual Dapper Dan Dinner. Hilton Hotel. M.C.: Bob Prince. Tickets: \$30. Special guests: Heisman Trophy winners Tom Harmon, Vic Janowicz, Leon Hart, Johnny Lujack and Tony Dorsett, who is also the Dapper Dons' Man of the Year. Attendance: 2,200.

The ultimate of the "boys' night out" bushes, the Dapper Dan is the branchchild of Al Abrams, sports editor emeritus of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, and there are 90 celebrities at three head tables. Abrams also has the circuit's most obscure comic on the rostrum: Jim Meston is listed on the program as an emcee, and he entertains with his stutter.

"I still stutter, but not as much," Meston tells the audience. "I didn't vote for Carter, so kind of angrily I stopped eating peanut bu-bu-butter."

"Chuck Noll is a neighbor of mine, and I've gotten to know him a little bit. Not well, ca-can't be anybody who does that. He has a variety of interests, one of which is gardening. If Noll had been paying attention, he'd have known before the season started that things weren't going to go particularly right, because in watering his plants he was talking to them, as all good gardeners do, and his African violet called him a honky."

Meston finishes, "People are becoming more discerning, and they want quality in what they get. We even have in our parish a gourmet priest. During Mass he sends the wine back."

What's a trophy cabinet without a "Tennis"?



Andy Russell, the retired Steeler line-backer whose last game was Pittsburgh's recent playoff loss to Oakland, follows Mesion and adds a note of seriousness. "I've got a lot of ambivalent feelings," Russell says. "I know I'm going to miss the game. It's been a great experience playing football here in Pittsburgh, and playing for a man like Mr. Rooney has meant more than I can describe."

Then the Dapper Duns present a golden football to Steeler Center Ray Mansfield who, like Russell, has announced his retirement.

Mansfield filled in for the injured Roy Gerela as Pittsburgh's placekicker against Oakland, and converted his two extra-point attempts. "If this is the football I kicked," Mansfield says, "no wonder Gerela had so much trouble. This is the heaviest ball I've ever seen in my life. In my 14 years here in Pittsburgh the one thing I regret is I didn't receive a Dapper Dun award. I thought this was my year. Sure, Dorsett had a good season, but how does what he did compare with my record? I was two for two."

All banquets in baseball cities must have a Yogi Berra story, and Jimmy Persall obliges.

"Berra called me one day," Persall starts. "His wife had just had a baby and he said, 'Hey, Persall, you've got nine kids, how about giving a few tips on changing diapers? If you can't, who can?' So I said, 'Yogi, you take a diaper and put it in the shape of a baseball diamond. Take the baby's bottom and put it on the pitcher's mound. Take first base and pin it to third. Take home and slide it into second.' He said, 'That's easy, I can do that.' I said, 'Wait a minute, Yogi. One thing about this game, when it starts to rain, there's no postponement.'"

And so it goes. Duffly Daugherty cracks, "The most obnoxious person in the world was born in Texas, moved to California, served in the Marine Corps, has given up smoking and is on a diet." Then he adds, "And people keep saying this is the greatest banquet in the world. Myself, I'm partial to The Last Supper."

Vince Dooley, the Georgia football coach whose team lost to Pittsburgh in the Sugar Bowl, says, "I want to commend Johnny Majors for taking a group of spindly scholars to the national championship."

Majors says goodbye to Pittsburgh af-

ter four wonderful years, and Chuck Tanner, the new manager of the Pirates, says hello after a not-so-wonderful year managing the Oakland A's.

The highlight of the evening is so long on sentiment, it seems corny. But it is obviously heartfelt.

"Forty years ago," Abrams says, "I fell in love with a Pittsburgh football team and a player named Marshall Goldberg. It was the first time an Arab fell in love with a Jew. All that time, if anyone asked me who was the greatest back Pittsburgh ever had, I'd say, 'Marsh Goldberg.' Until these last few years. Now I'm not sure."

Abrams asks for a photographer. "I've never before asked for anything for myself," he says, "but could I have a picture taken with Tony and Marsh?" The cameraman clicks away, and soon Dorsett receives a standing ovation as the Dapper Duns' Man of the Year.

Dorsett commends the Dapper Duns, saying, "I haven't attended a banquet half as nice as this one," then introduces his parents and says, "I'd like to thank Coach Majors, the staff and my teammates for letting me experience the greatest football season of my young career. Mr. Rooney, I've had four wonderful years here in the city of Pittsburgh. Please don't let me go." With minor variations, it was the same speech Dorsett had given four nights earlier in Spokane.

The parties begin on every floor of the hotel. On the 14th floor two men snore through the night with their door open. Later, a weary, red-eyed partygoer is told that an elevator is going up, not down, and he mumbles, "Ah, you been rich all your life."

MENU—Fruit cup. Broiled rib eye steak. Small baked potato with sour cream and chives. Green beans with mushrooms. Biscuit glacé with strawberry sauce. Rolls and butter. Coffee.

DENVER—13th Colorado Sports Hall of Fame Awards Banquet, Regency Inn. M.C.: Larry Varnell. Tickets: \$17.50. Special guests: Tom Brookshier, Frank Gifford, David Thompson. Inductees: Floyd Little, Burdette Halderson, the late Edward McGlone, Rich Volk and Phyllis Lockwood (in absentia). Attendance: 1,500.

The audience is mixed for this exercise in local boosterism and, suitably

for the Mile High City, the two head tables—each with 49 places—seem a mile long. Five athletes are being inducted, but the main attractions are Little, the retired Bronco running back, and David Thompson, the Nuggets' basketball star. An added starter is Red Miller, named six days earlier to replace John Ralston as the Broncos' head coach. "I'm not making any predictions," Miller says, "but I promise you a well-drilled, hard-hitting football team that knows what it's doing on the field." Miller also reads a letter from a Denver fan: "I've decided to help the Broncos win the Super Bowl next year by having them use a new type of offense. This offense I have invented is called the Mr. Allen Kelly Midget Offense. Next year you should recruit, or draft, two or three very small but well-built midgets and one large man of great strength. The offense consists simply of giving the ball to the midgets and having the big strong man throw the midget with the ball as far downfield as possible. I believe with sufficient training in how to land, the midget could avoid injury. This offense should be good for four to five yards every time it is run."

"You also could devastate the AFC with the Mr. Allen Kelly Midget Defense. In this defense, you have all three line-backers throw a midget at the opposing quarterback as soon as he receives the snap. If initial impact does not bring him down, the midgets could hold onto his arms until he could be tackled. It would be very difficult to pass or hand the ball off with midgets hanging all over you."

Hailed as the Pro Athlete of the Year, Thompson tells the crowd, "Thanks for bringing some happiness into my life."

Little introduces his mother-in-law Mrs. Geneva Green and his wife Joyce. "In three years Joyce graduated from Syracuse magna cum laude," Little says. "In four years, I graduated thank the laude."

"My philosophy," Little continues, "is that everyone has a chance to be the best at what they do. The only problem is, not enough of them take their turn. I always wanted to take my turn."

MENU—Combination salad. Broiled eight-ounce top sirloin steak. Onion rings. Green beans amandine. Stuffed baked potato. Strawberry Napoleon. Rolls and butter. Coffee.

END

He was finning along peacefully under the ice
when there was this flash of teeth

by RON RAU

THE DAY THE PIKE PUT THE MOVE ON HERMAN



Herman V is probably dead, or close to it, by now. There is nothing we can do, my father and I. Like the owners of a sick goldfish, we can only stand by and hope for the best. Herman V is now entombed in a minnow bucket hanging by a dull wire beneath a couple of feet of ice into the clear, quiet water of the lake. The shanty bucket with its network of uniform round holes suspended over the gloomy lake bottom reminds me of a lost space capsule. It's hard to imagine. You'd have to see it yourself.

The ice and wind and drifting snow on the surface are deceiving. Underneath, the lake is tranquil and alive. The weeds have him down for the winter and the fish have gone into a metabolic slowdown, but they wander occasionally. We know. We've seen them through the hole in the ice inside the darkened shanty. The lake bottom glows when the sun comes out from behind the clouds. And it darkens when the sun is hidden. Do not be deceived by the thick cover of ice and the

snowdrifts. The lake is alive. It breathes with the sun.

Herman V is a suckerfish, about seven inches long, which we use to decoy northern pike into the shanty hole. Hermans I through IV were also sucker decoys. They have since passed into sucker-decoy heaven. Alas, I fear, so too has Herman V. He was not looking so well last night when I gently lifted him from the open water of the hole and dropped him into the minnow bucket. An area just in front of his caudal fin, or as almost everyone says, his tail, was swollen. A sure sign of a failing fish. He had not been very active the two previous days, hanging listlessly above the weeds, on a hook and line.

A hook? A hook through his back, and you wonder why he is listless, you say? No, no, that's not it. If you hook a decoy properly he will live for days, weeks even, and if you remove the hook gently the wound will heal itself. Thus I have seen many times.

Herman V's declining health began the day he was cornered by a two-foot-long northern pike under the ice, out of sight of the shanty hole. My father had just opened the shanty for the morning when he saw the flash of the pike's tail beneath the ice, to the shoreward side. He had just put Herman into the water after the long winter night's confinement in the minnow bucket, and Herman, as he was wont to do, was eagerly exploring the new day. For the first five minutes he would swim around and around the hole, spending long periods out of sight underneath the ice, probably looking over the neighborhood to see if anything had changed during the night. Or for some fish reason. Probably just glad to get out of the bucket. After these preliminary exercises, he would hang straight down, finning and moving constantly, seemingly intent on the serious business of luring a pike into the hole.

Some decoys take their job seriously. They really do.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEFFER

The morning of the "accident" a pike was waiting in the shadows. After seeing the huge tail and no Herman, my father grabbed a spear and got down on his hands and knees to look under the ice. Many of Herman's delicate scales were softly sinking to the lake bottom, like a snowfall. (That significant detail the mind photographs during an emergency.) My father jabbed at the pike, touched it, and never saw it again. Herman was lucky. His scales were rattled; in fact, he had a bald spot on top of his head, but that was all. Not a single cut or slash from the pike's needle-pointed teeth. His skin was unbroken.

What was broken, I fear, was his spirit. For the next two days he foosook his morning swim and hung straight down, barely finning, barely moving. Not "working," as they say in the "shandies" of northern Michigan.

In a way, you couldn't blame Herman V. He'd been attacked by a fish maybe 10 times his size. We really didn't be-

grudge him the lethargy of the next two days, but we weren't pleased either. Not a single pike came through the hole. We had to work Herman like a puppet, lifting the line and letting go. He'd fin and make a token move for a minute or so, then quit, hanging there morosely like a drowned rat.

We'd gotten Herman III, Herman IV and Herman V from a live-bait dealer in Standish at the price of three for a dollar. Naturally, we expected results.

"It's his own fault," my father lamented. "If he hadn't gotten under the ice, that pike wouldn't have got to him."

This on the third day after Herman's mishap. We were sitting at the kitchen table watching the blizzard outside the window and listening to a radio description of the winter of '77. In mid-January it was already a household word.

"I warned him about it," I said. "If I told him once, I told him a hundred times, 'Herman, don't get under the ice. We can't help you there.'"

Within the shanty, the author and his dad wait for northern pike like the one on ice outside

"Maybe I should have been watching closer," my father mused, "but who'd have thought a pike would come in right after I made all that noise cutting out the hole and starting the stove?"

"Oh, don't blame yourself. It's just one of those things."

During this kitchen-table conference we discovered that Herman V was our favorite decoy. We'd taken half a dozen pike thanks to him. The most important task of a decoy is to move; it is movement that lures the pike up from the weedy lake bottom for a closer inspection. Herman V had developed a penchant for swimming up toward the ice and then lying over on his side and sinking, but still wiggling, his shiny white underbelly flashing like a mirror reflecting the sun. Many decoys merely hang there, working their gills and finning occasionally, but not really moving around. They have to be puppeteered, which soon becomes tiring.

The next most important task of a decoy is to tell you when a pike is coming so you can be ready with the spear. A good decoy will do this by panicking and trying to get the hell out of the lake. Surprisingly, many decoys either go into shock or become so resigned to their fate that they do nothing. They fail to warn you. As a result, when the pike enters the hole, the spear is leaning against the shanty wall and you are lighting up a cigarette. On the other hand, some decoys constantly call wolf and panic every five minutes. Another esoteric fish reason, I suppose. When the wolf finally does show, the spear is still leaning against the wall and you have a boot off and five cold toes spread over the stove.

Herman V was neither a sullen defeat-

continued

ist nor a panic-stricken pantywaist. When he did panic, you'd better have the spear in the water and the adrenaline flowing. Something was coming.

The larger pike usually come in slow and contemplative, rising from the bottom like a stalking killer, rising without moving fins or gills or tail, rising for the strike like a helium balloon. There is plenty of time to prepare, to have the spear into the water and properly turned for the thrust. It is the smaller, anxious pike that pose a problem, those under the 20-inch legal size limit. (Identifying undersized fish is not much of a problem; they look as if their heads are too big for their bodies.) The small ones dart into the hole from nowhere and strike quickly, either shaking the decoy like a puppy with a sock or striking and darting out of the hole before you have even time enough to grab for the decoy line. There is nothing you can do to prevent this. For a decoy, it's an occupational hazard. Fortunately, hammer handles (which is what smaller pike are called owing to their size and shape) usually do not inflict serious injury. The strike of a hammer handle is like a quick left jab, and a good decoy has to take an occasional punch.

This proved to be Herman V's only real fault, the thing that separated him from greatness, that kept him from being a decoy's decoy. He simply couldn't take a punch. A single left jab had seemingly ended a promising career.

Some of our other Hermans had taken punches. Particularly Herman II. He was a steady worker but lacked a panic button. You never knew when a pike was in the vicinity. Herman II's best trait, next to taking numerous punches, was swimming in place. This he would do all day long, without tiring, without ever going anywhere, not even under the ice. Simply swaying back and forth, back and forth. Watching him too long at a time was hypnotic.

I spent many hours sitting on the overturned bucket four feet above Herman II, watching, wondering just what he was up to. A sucker-decoy fantasy? Did he fancy himself a marathon swimmer taking on the Pacific Ocean? Was he training for something? Possibly an escape? Too many hours of sitting on a bucket staring at a decoy and the lake bottom gets you thinking like this. Then a pike would rise from the weeds, cautiously but confidently, ever so slowly, allowing

plenty of time to position the spear, turn it crossways to his back, waiting, watching. Herman II must have seen these fish, the sharks of inland lakes, but still he kept pace with his treadmill marathon swim. I would thrust the spear just before the pike reached the same depth as Herman, seeing the hundreds of minute bubbles it created, hearing the "grind" as the spear struck, watching the thrashing pike ride the spear to the lake bottom. Then pulling it up carefully, slowly, and lifting the pike from the hole, gripping the eye sockets with a thumb and forefinger. And there would be Herman II, amidst the swirling mud and weeds, finning calmly as if nothing had happened. Finning. Finning. This was his only reaction to external stimuli. Did he have nerves of steel? Personally, I think he was blind.

Consequently, because he gave us no warning, Herman II took numerous quick jabs from the hammer handles and twice had been glommed onto by larger pike. The second time a large pike got him. Herman got hit with the spear. It wasn't a serious wound, however, one long merely sliced the tip of his nose so that it looked like Jack Nicholson's Charnaton nose. What was serious was the inch-long gash in his belly from the pike's teeth. Herman II spent the last three days of his life swimming inside the minnow bucket. He died in the night and was preched onto the ice the next morning. In 10 minutes he froze solid and his eyeballs turned ghost white.

It was a three-for-a-dollar burial.

Northern pike are predator fish. Green and slimy, like the weeds and lake bottoms where they live, they cruise the shallows preying mostly on smaller fish, but taking any flesh that comes along—frogs, water snakes, even fledgling ducks. Attaining a weight of 25 pounds, they are the stuff of legends for Michigan's inland lakes. A neighbor recently told me that once, while trolling the shallows during summer, he saw a round sunken fence post on the lake bottom. A fence post? He put the motor in reverse and backed up. The fence post was gone. For many anglers, the northern pike is the largest fish they will ever catch. He is the poor man's marlin.

Spearfishing for pike is a major winter activity here in the resort area of



Plainly dispirited after his cameo appearance in "Jaws," Herman the sockfish stays close to home.

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northern Michigan, as it is in most states of the northern tier. Employment in resort country is seasonal, and for many locals, putting out an ice shanty serves the same purpose as putting in a small garden during the summer. For a modest initial investment, you get a relaxing and sometimes exciting pastime and you are also putting food on the table. Some locals, the addicts, the real junkies, have shanties on two or three lakes and move between them when activity on one lake slows down. In addition to the shanty, the only paraphernalia needed is a fishing license, a spear, an ice spud to make the hole and a decoy or two. Most shanties also have small oil-burning stoves, which enable you to sit longer without having to run outside to warm up. They also keep the skim ice from forming on the hole (cleansing it off makes noise) and provide a quick, easy way to melt the ice beads that form on the spearpoints and look like the metal bead on a car-radio antenna.

The popularity of pike spearing is obvious from the number of shantytowns that are seen on the frozen lakes over the weed beds. The weed beds. That's the secret. Well, not really a secret, because everyone knows it. Get the shanty in six or eight feet of water over the weeds. Like ocean kelp growing from a rocky shoal, shanties thrive over the weed beds. And you must have a shanty. Or a reasonable facsimile. You must block out the sunlight in order to see the lake bottom. The result is visually fascinating. The lake bottom takes on a radiance not unlike a television screen in a darkened room.

I heard an interesting conversation to this effect in the Cedar Bar near Lupton the other night. The Cedar Bar is the 19th hole for the spearfishermen of two small nearby lakes, which between them probably have 25 shanties. On weeknights, when the patrons are locals instead of the weekend snowmobile crowd, the talk is of rabbit hunting, ice fishing and unemployment checks. A conversation rambles between two men sitting at the bar wearing red and black Mackinac coats, the deer-hunting back tags still attached two months after the season has ended.

"Sure am glad you talked me into put-

ting out a shanty this year," one, a young longhair, said.

"Tried to get you to last year but you was too busy chasing women," said the other, a generation older and two pounds of hair lighter.

Northern pike bridging the generation gap. I liked that.

"Hell, still do. Spear pike all day, chase women all night. You know what I was doing last winter?"

"Chasing women."

"I mean during the day I was getting up about noon and watching them soap operas. And then the afternoon movie, and then the news. Watching TV six, eight hours a day."

"Still are," the older man said.

"What do you mean? I got 60 pounds of pike in the freezer. You don't get that watching no TV set."

"But ain't that what it's like? Sitting there all day in a dark room looking into that bright hole? Watching poor ol' Al-fred swimming back and forth all day long and watching them old weeds down there, same old weeds every day, never change, never move. Just sitting there all day long so's you can stick a couple poor old pike that happen to swim by. Now tell me, ain't that about as boring as watching TV?"

"Hell, no," the longhair said. "You can't stick your spear into a TV and pull out a pike. And besides, there sure ain't no commercials."

We have a special attraction on our own two-by-three-foot TV screen. Potatoes peeling on the bottom. The perfect item for exposing the silhouettes of deep-moving pike. They cost nothing, they are biodegradable and, because of their shape, they fall white side up without fail. By chopping holes around the outside edge of the shanty and stuffing them with the evening's peelings (we are eating a lot of fish and chips these days), we have illuminated the dark regions of the lake bottom within any angular scope of the hole.

The lake bottom beneath our shanty looks like a giant white Rorschach test. It helps pass the hours when there are no pike around. A potato peeling that has floated away from the others gains a status unknown to the average potato peeling. When the sun shines, it glows,

as though lightly electrified. That peeling there is shaped like Oklahoma. There's California. And Nevada. See how they fit together? That group of peelings there looks like . . . Wham! A hammer handle has the decoy! Grab the spear! No, too small. Hey, cut that out! Grab the line. He's gone.

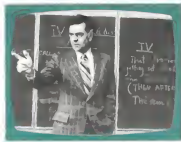
You all right, Herman? Jeez, that was quick. You all right? Scales aren't even ruffled. No, I wasn't daydreaming. You didn't see him coming either. What could I do? I was grabbing for the line. Nobody's reflexes are that fast. Look, I'm sorry. I know that's the second time today. It's not my fault you were born a decoy. O.K. O.K. Take a breather. Go ahead and take five. I'm shaking, too, damnit.

I really am. It's as if I'd been struck in the leg by a rattlesnake. It was so calm and peaceful down there. Wham! From the high weeds toward shore. The eerie silence of underwater violence. Your whole world has been violated, disrupted, overturned and you hear nothing. Nothing.

Except for the constant growling of the lake. "Making ice," they say. The ice expands and cracks. You can hear it coming from afar. And the crack passes just by the shanty, causing the water to slosh against the ice. Peculiar sound. My mother has been out on the ice once this winter. I asked her to describe it. Like when you're having a baby and want to cry out but don't, she said. Strange she should say that. I think it sounds like someone being kicked in the groin. But, except for snowmobile weekends, it's the only sound. When the pike strikes, there is nothing. Nothing.

Spearing may seem like a primitive, almost barbaric way of taking a legitimate game fish in this the age of electronic fish finders and graphite rods and \$6,000 bass boats. But that just might be the attraction. Taking a fish in the oldest way known to man. Before hook and line. Before rod and reel. Before ultralight spinning gear and electronic lures. A spear. There is something clean and simple and pure at work. There is a sense of being removed from technology sitting inside a darkened box on a frozen lake viewing the timelessness of the lake bottom while snowmobiles clatter by outside. **END**

HERE'S HOW TO CALL THE SHOTS



WOLFF POINTS OUT PITFALLS TO WOULD-BE SPORTSCASTERS

Associate Professor Bob Wolff of the Communication Arts Department of St. John's University in Jamaica, N.Y. was lecturing in his course, Sports Broadcasting, and with a hint of cynicism he was attempting to bring home a vital point to a class of aspiring sportscasters: Wolff described the time he went to spring training as a TV announcer for the Washington Senators and spent 30 minutes a day practicing beer pouring. "I had the real good hands for it," Wolff said. "In fact, I was so well drilled that I could pour with either hand and bring the head up just the way the ad agency boys wanted it. But at the Presidential opener back in Washington, I made a mistake and the beer slopped over the glass. We did a fine telecast, and the Senators even won for a change. But did I catch it? The thing to remember, class, is that when the One Great Sponsor comes to write against your name, he cares not who won or lost or how well you covered the game. He cares how you poured the beer."

Sports Broadcasting is one of the few courses of its kind given for credit at a major university, and it is now in its fifth year under Wolff. For three hours every Monday, students are instructed on play-by-play announcing and the preparation and editing of sports shows. But perhaps the most educational part of the course is Wolff's forthright discussions of the harsh realities of an intensely competitive profession. "You must play to your own

sense and your own standards," he says. "Not many people are going to help you in the broadcasting business. Yes, they should. But they won't. They send you out on the air to sink or swim, and if you aren't aware of that, you will just be gone."

Wolff has managed to keep his head above water throughout a 30-year sportscasting career that included 14 busy seasons with the departed Senators. The first World Series he did was for Mutual Radio in 1956, the year of Don Larsen's perfect

game. He also covered the 1958 Colt-Giant overtime NFL title game, Bobby Hull's breaking of the 50-goal barrier, the New York Knicks' two championship seasons and countless football bowls, college basketball games and dog and horse shows. He has worked live radio and television and done voice-overs and cablecasting. Wolff currently telecasts the Detroit Pistons' games, and though he is hardly one of broadcasting's superstars, he is an excellent and candid teacher. When Wolff informs his students, "No matter how good you are in this business, 50% is getting the job 20% is holding it and only 30% is doing it," they are hearing the voice of experience.

He also tells his students that if they want to do play-by-play, they should begin by building a "power base," by getting on a local radio or television news show so their on-the-air personalities are known to potential employers. "If you call up a producer and he knows your name, he's going to answer your call," Wolff says. "Then you've got a chance to at least audition."

After he finishes telling his class how to get a job, Wolff should invite a large number of working sportscasters into his class—as students, not guest lecturers. His most apt criticism of today's broadcasters is their inability to adjust their styles to suit the differing needs of radio and TV audiences.

The sport most often abused because of this failure is basketball. The wrong way to

do a TV game, says Wolff, is like this: "Smith shoots from 10 feet out... he misses. Brown grabs the rebound, passes to Jones... Jones shoots, and his shot is good." Then Wolff gives the correct way: "That's Smith shooting." There is no need to mention "from 10 feet out" or "he misses" because those facts are visible on TV. However, the announcer can use this time to give extra information, such as "That's the first one he's missed tonight." When the goal is made, there is no need to say, "His shot is good." The broadcaster should just give the score and perhaps add, "Smith now has 10 points."

It is Wolff's contention that the TV sportscaster is sharing his feeling with the viewer. He is speaking with him, not to him, because he is commenting on something they are both watching. Says Wolff, "Comments should complement the picture, not describe it."

Wolff also tells his students that, although they are primarily journalists, a little show biz certainly helps. "The sportscaster who underplays is saying in essence 'Everybody else may be excited, but not me.' Very few fans want to watch a game with a bored friend."

But, Wolff contends, bringing excitement to a telecast does not mean that the announcer should run off at the mouth. Economy of language—once at a premium among radio announcers who had to make every syllable count in describing fast action—is almost absent from television, he tells his students.

To prove it Wolff has a lead-in of 144 words that is typical of those heard all the time on TV. It reads, "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. It's really a beautiful day for the game. Pitching for the Yankees is John Smith. He's a really fine pitcher. Of course, you all know what a great curve he has. But, ladies and gentlemen, let me add that he can really make that ball hum with his speed. He's really fast."

"Eliminate the four 'really's,' the 'of course' and the second 'ladies and gentlemen' from that lead-in," says Wolff, "and see what is lost. Nothing." By the time he completes his example, Wolff has cut one-sixth of the words from the lead-in as repetitive, boring or unconstructive.

None of those words can be used in describing Wolff's course at St. John's, or—no it is hoped—any of his students, should they ever get on the air. **END**

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	E-78-14	\$21.00	\$2.23	\$27.88	\$2.26	\$37.00	\$2.41
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 FULL SIZES	H-78-15	\$26.00	\$2.79	\$33.88	\$2.88	\$47.00	\$2.96
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Perry is doing admirably

It's been smooth sailing this season for dead-eye Ronnie Perry of Holy Cross, who has taken over the helm of the Crusaders and leads the nation's freshmen in scoring

It is one of the oldest stories in sport. The father, once a good athlete, is born again in his son. He teaches the kid fundamentals, coaxes him to compete, pressures him to succeed. Usually the boy tries, fails and gives up. Both the father and son end up feeling guilty. But for every 100—or 1,000—failures there is an exception, a Kyle Rose Jr., a J. K. McKay, a Mark or Marty Howe. Ronnie Perry of Holy Cross is one of those rare cases.

Ron Perry was a Holy Cross basketball and baseball star who is now the school's athletic director; his son Ronnie is the best freshman guard in the country and also a baseball prodigy who plays shortstop and pitches. Playing fall baseball, he hit a two-run homer in his first at bat. His first varsity basketball shot swished in from 20 feet. But he has been more than the good-shooting guard Coach George Blaney sought to fill out his offense. Perry not only is averaging 23 points a game, tops among all freshmen, but his deft passing and tight defense have helped Holy Cross to a 20-4 record and the No. 2 ranking in New England. In the finals of the Colonial Classic, he helped defeat Providence 67-65 with seven assists. He sank all 10 of his free throws and scored the basket that put the Crusaders ahead for good when they beat Seton Hall 82-77 to win the Madison Square Garden Classic. And last Saturday he got eight of his 33 points in overtime as Holy Cross beat Army 81-77.

Mostly, though, Perry plays like the collegiate Bill Bradley, understating his maneuvers so elegantly that spectators at first wonder what all the fuss is about. Although it is tempting to proclaim Perry a modern version of the most famous Holy Cross alumnus, Bob Cousy, the comparison is farfetched. "Cousy had more flair," says St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca. "Ron was artistic. This kid has poise and fundamentals. He's the old-

fashioned well-rounded guard. He can play with anyone because he blends. He's been through a lot of rehearsals."

Most of them came under the eye of the elder Perry, who had been a play-making guard, feeding Tommy Heinsohn and Togo Palazzi, on the 1954 NIT champions and a pitcher with a 22-1 record who led Holy Cross to the 1952 NCAA baseball championship. But Perry never played either game professionally. After graduation, he served three years in the Marines, then quit baseball after failing to make the Milwaukee Braves. Under the pressure of family responsibilities, he passed up pro basketball to take a coaching job at Catholic Memorial High School in West Roxbury, Mass.

Many times in his 14-year coaching career, during which he had a 292-34 record and won two state championships, Perry must have wondered about his decision. Today he remains ambivalent. "When I graduated in 1954, there were a lot of six-foot guards like myself," he says. "Three years later they were all bigger. . . . Still, I feel I could have played for some teams."

No matter. In 1958, as he looked at his only son, perhaps he saw the chance to discover what he might have been. So the training began. "I taught him how to catch a hard sponge ball," the senior Perry says. "He showed good coordination for a 5-year-old." The father later erected a five-foot-high basket in the cellar. "He showed me how to grip the ball on the seams, follow through, stand square to the basket," says Ronnie, now 6' 2". "A lot of kids start wrong."

In 1966, Ron asked Ronnie if he wanted to compete in the na-

tional Pass, Post and Kick contest. Ronnie agreed, then beat 130,000 other 8-year-olds to win the finals before 70,000 in the Orange Bowl. Other carefully planned pressure situations followed. At Ron's basketball camp, Ronnie once shot free throws while dozens of kids stood around the keyhole, shouting, jumping and waving. No wonder Ronnie was 91% from the line in high school. Ron took his son to the playgrounds of Boston's black ghetto and showed him how the tight guarding that intimidates many youngsters could be overcome with fakes and spins. He had Ronnie watch Catholic Memorial's fine guards, King Gaskins and Billy Raynor. From Gaskins, Ronnie learned to fake left and drive right, from Raynor, to pass and penetrate. Ronnie says he loved every minute of it.

When Ronnie entered Catholic Memorial in 1972, his father had just been



Not just a shooter. Perry's a deft dribbler: plays good D.

offered the Holy Cross position. It was a happy coincidence, because Ron wanted no part of the conflicts that might arise from coaching his son. But that didn't stop him from attending Ronnie's games whenever he could. Ron even passed up a trip to Hawaii to watch a prep tournament. Most of the time he was happy with what he saw. Averaging 35 points a game as a senior, Ronnie set a state schoolboy record of 2,481 points in four years. He had the best hitting and pitching records in his high school and on his Legion baseball team, graduated second in his class and may have been the most popular boy in school.

"I kept telling him it wouldn't be all fun and games," Ron says. Sure enough, in the finals of the 1976 state Catholic tournament, Ronnie missed a free throw with one second left and Catholic Memorial lost by a point to archrival Don Bosco. "We stayed up and talked about it," Ronnie says. "It all came down to: I still had 45 points, and even if we had won, there's always another game, so forget about the last one." A few days later he opened the state seasonals by going 13 for 17 from the field, 9 for 9 from the line.

"The father was patient, careful and above all consistent," says a Massachusetts basketball insider. "Other fathers will give highly concentrated attention for a short time, then nothing. This guy gave the kid small doses and never pushed him too hard. When it came to decisions, they had one of the strangest relationships I've ever seen. They would discuss things, and then one of them would make the decision. They shadow-boxed. It was like two friends who never want to have an argument."

As an example, the man pointed to Ronnie's decision not to play quarterback on the high school football team. Ron had made sure his was just one of several voices urging Ronnie to be satisfied with place-kicking. "I was embarrassed not to be playing out there with my friends," says Ronnie, "but I went along." He also went along to Holy Cross. In this case, his father's only advice was to tell Ronnie to take the pressure off himself by deciding which college to attend before the start of his final high school season. "My father being at Holy Cross was one reason I went there," says Ronnie. "The fact that I liked everything about the school was the other."

An economics major, Ronnie had a 3.25 average last semester and enjoyed himself thoroughly. "The thing I like most about him," says his girl friend, Marion Nelligan, "is that he's nice—to everyone." Including his old man. Ronnie looks to his father for moral support during games. Afterward, father and son embrace, then Ron often will detail Ronnie's mistakes, reminding him to penetrate more or to play intensely (he tends to be mechanical).

This may not be overprotecting, but observers wonder about Ron's advice to Ronnie on how to act off the court. A controversial coach—at Catholic Memorial he was accused of recruiting, running up scores and being too friendly with officials—Ron had Ronnie talking to reporters like a politician by the time he was 15. It was unnecessary. Ronnie was naturally tactful and got excellent coverage, still, his father often complained of insufficient publicity.

"They asked me if I had a bad shooting night," he said to his father after going 5 for 19 in the Seton Hall game. "Did you tell them you were 10 for 10 from the line?" his father shot back. Half an hour later Ronnie blurted out, "I didn't shoot well." Ron answered, "If you say that again..."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST What can a coach do after a 67-64 overtime loss to the league's cellar dwellers—his fourth defeat in five games—and after school officials order him to apologize for blasting the press? Well, following that setback by St. Louis, Wayne Watts of Memphis State issued an apology to the press. Then he prepared to face Metro Conference leader Louisville by resorting to prayer. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's positive mental attitude and the wearing of his lucky suit for the first time this season. As for sophomore James Bradley, a long-distance bomber who was booed for missing 18 of 22 shots against the Billikens, he continued to fire away against Louisville. This time Bradley found the range, sinking 10 of 13 first-half shots. At the end, Bradley had 24 points and nine rebounds and held the Cardinals' Wesley Cox to 12 points as the Tigers sprang an 87-77 upset. Against outsiders, Louisville bumped off Tulsa 91-67 and Cin-

cinnati beat crosstown rival Xavier 77-68.

Although he did not campaign for student body president at Kansas State, freshman Curtis Redding was endorsed by the campus newspaper, which said he combined the qualities of Joan of Arc, Moses and Martin Luther King. Write-in candidate Redding did not get enough votes to win, but on the court he picked up enough points to carry the Wildcats to the top of the Big Eight. In a 74-67 win over Oklahoma State, Redding had 14 points, and seldom-used 6'7" Steve Solderer latched on to nine rebounds in 17 minutes. That same night, Missouri blitzed Colorado 101-74 as Scott Sims netted 30 points and Kim Anderson 25. When Kansas State visited Missouri, the entire Tiger from line fouled out and the Wildcats came from nine points down to win 88-77. Joan-Moses-Martin Redding flipped in 20 points in that game and Larry Davis led a second-half surge with five field goals in less than two minutes. That left the Wildcats a game in front of the Tigers and Oklahoma, which throttled Nebraska 72-62 and Iowa State 94-68.

Arkansas improved its Southwest Conference record to 15-0 by sweeping past TCU 79-64 and Texas 73-61.

Southern Illinois and West Texas State shared first place in the Missouri Valley Conference. The Salukis toppled New Mexico State 93-64 and Drake 66-57. The Buffaloes had two overtime victories, 76-73 over Tulsa and 76-70 over Bradley.

Oral Roberts became a 20-game winner for the eighth straight season, defeating St. Louis 71-65 and North Carolina A&T 110-64. Anthony Roberts of the Titans, who had just 14 points in the first game, raised his season scoring average to 32.7 by sinking 25 of 35 shots and 16 free throws for 66 points against A&T. Creighton (21-3) grounded Air Force 64-63. Rick Apke and Robert Schuchens combining for 30 points in the second half.

I'M A BIRD WATCHER T-shirts were the rage at Indiana State, where 6'9" sophomore Larry Bird sank 20 of 27 shots, scored 45 points and had 17 rebounds in an 83-72 win over Loyola of Chicago. Bird, who has had 399 points in his past 10 outings, added 40 in an 87-68 romp over Eastern Michigan.

1. LOUISVILLE (19-4)

2. ARKANSAS (24-1) 3. CINCINNATI (19-4)

WEST "It doesn't bother me one bit to look a gift horse, or horses, in the mouth, especially in Provo, Utah against BYU," said Arizona Coach Fred Snowden after winning at the wire 64-62. BYU led 62-58 when the "gift horses" made their appearance. First came a lane violation, a Cougar stepping across the line before a teammate shot a free throw. Although the foul shot was good, it was nullified. Arizona's Bob Elliott was fouled and sank two free throws

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to make it 62-60 with 45 seconds to go. Seventeen seconds later, Herm Harris tied the score with a jumper after the Wildcats had forced a turnover. BYU had time to set up a last shot, but Verne Thompson slipped as he brought the ball downcourt, and Phil Taylor of the Wildcats put in the winning basket with eight seconds to go. Utah took over first place in the Western AC by knocking off Arizona State 77-72. Pacing the Utes were their Double J Boys, Jeff Judkins (27 points, 12 rebounds) and Jeff Jonas (14 points, 10 assists). They again excelled when the Wildcats came to town to settle the league leadership. With Judkins tossing in 20 points and pulling down 11 rebounds and with Jonas getting 24 points and nine assists, Utah breezed 76-61. A diamond-and-one defense was also invaluable for the Utes, limiting Harris, Elliott and Taylor to 13 field goals in 35 attempts.

While UCLA was again being ambushed by Oregon (page 20), Washington was jolted by Stanford 74-69 and by California 86-58. Washington State lost to the fast-improving Bears 66-52, but beat the Cardinals 79-62.

Bull-eye shooting by Bill Cartwright and James Hardy helped San Francisco lock up the West Coast AC title with a 104-65 drubbing of Loyola. Cartwright, who hit on 11 of 12 floor shots, finished with 24 points. Hardy sank seven of eight field-goal tries and had 21 points. Against Pepperdine, though, the Dons struggled. Midway through the second half they trailed by five points, but the Dons prevailed 81-73 as Cartwright scored 21 points.

How good is Portland State's Freeman Williams, college basketball's No. 1 scorer? Well, he flicked in 43 points during a 112-96 loss at Nevada-Las Vegas—but Williams also committed seven turnovers. The Rebel, who also smacked Pan American (35-106, got fine performances in both games from Eddie Owens (48 points) and Glen Gondreck (43 points, 30 rebounds).

The College of Southern Idaho set a National Junior College AA record by swamping Ricks 102-64 for its 43rd straight win.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (27-0) 2. NEV.-LAS VEGAS (22-2) 3. UCLA (20-4)

EAST Cincinnati, Detroit, Clemson, Notre Dame, VMI, Holy Cross, Connecticut, Columbia and Wake Forest were all upset. "It's a different kind of game in the East," said Cincinnati Coach Gale Carter before meeting Rutgers at Madison Square Garden. "The officials can have a big effect on games. It's not a matter of cheating. It's just that officiating differs across the country." As it turned out, the man who did so for the Bearcats was James (Saratophore) Bailey, a 6'9" sophomore. Bailey grabbed 12 rebounds and had 29 points as he hit on 12 of 16 floor shots, including four sky jays. In dealing the Bearcats a convincing 89-70 loss, the Scarlet Knights held Cincy's top scor-

er, Bob Miller (14.6 average), to two points. Detroit came to Duquesne with 21 straight wins but lost 95-88 in double overtime as Norm Nixon tossed in 29 points.

West Virginia surprised Notre Dame 81-68, getting 21 points from Maurice Robinson and outrebounding the Irish 43-39.

William and Mary ended VMI's 21-game victory streak 86-84. Connecticut, which had upended Holy Cross 89-85, was, in turn, dumped 85-77 by Vermont, despite 42 points by Tony Hanson, who during one stretch hit 15 straight field goals.

Princeton and Penn remained deadlocked for the Ivy League lead. The Tigers drubbed Dartmouth 65-45 and then got 26 points from Frank Sowinski to finish off Harvard 59-49. Keven McDonald poured in 28 points as the Quakers riddled the Crimson 81-62, after which they held off the Big Green 73-68. Columbia beat Yale 48-42 but was toppled by Brown 91-83.

Before taking on Virginia, which was winless in nine Atlantic Coast games and 8-14, Clemson Coach Bill Foster said, "They're going to get somebody. I hope it's not us." It was. Guard Dave Koesters doubled his previous season high by swishing in 28 points as the Cavaliers won 71-65. Clemson, with Wayne (Tree) Rollins accounting for 20 points, 10 rebounds and seven blocks, then nipped North Carolina State 68-66. Kenny Carr of the Wolfpack had 31 points and 16 rebounds, but State had 21 turnovers and the Tigers only nine. Wake Forest had difficulties with two outsiders. The Deacons beat Davidson 70-68 on Frank Johnson's 20-foot jumper in the last second. But the Deacons were then stunned by Virginia Tech 98-97 in overtime despite 37 points and 19 rebounds by Rod Griffin. Ron Bell kept the Gobblers going with 24 points, and Duke Thorpe added 23, four in the final 38 seconds. North Carolina zapped South Florida 100-65.

Two victorious visitors were Providence and North Carolina-Charlotte. Joe Hassett tossed in 24 points as the Friars polished off La Salle 75-62. UNCC, playing at Madison Square Garden for the first time since winning New York fans while coming in second in last year's NIT, beat Seton Hall 85-75. Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell spurred the 49ers with 21 points and 24 rebounds, while Lew Massey scored 29 and Chad Kitch 21.

Syracuse rolled past Rhode Island 70-67 and, with Jim Williams popping in 21 points, downed St. John's 79-55.

1. WAKE FOREST (20-4) 2. PROV. (21-3) 3. N. CAROLINA (19-4)

MIDEAST "The merry-go-round has ended," said Marquette's Al McGuire during halftime ceremonies at his last home game before leaving the coaching ranks. Alas, on his final ride, which consisted of three home games last week, Mc-

Guire was not once able to grab the brass ring. First it was DePaul, with Ron Norwood contributing 23 points and four steals, that beat the Warriors in double overtime 77-72. Then it was Detroit, which won 64-63 when Dennis Boyd's 20-footer went through the net as the final buzzer sounded. Boyd might not have shot if someone at the scorer's table had not warned Titan Coach Dick Vitale not to call a time-out because he had none left and doing so would have resulted in a technical foul. And then Wichita State showed up for the winding of a finale in which one player from each team was ejected for fighting, and barrages of toilet paper were rained on the court by fans protesting calls against Marquette. McGuire added to the bedlam by harassing the officials and being socked with his first two technicals of the season. When the merry-go-round stopped, Wichita was a 75-64 winner.

Michigan stayed in the Big Ten lead by wallowing Minnesota 89-70. Mike Thompson (32 points, 14 rebounds) outdiaried Phil Hubbard (28 points, 14 rebounds) of the Wolverines, but Michigan got 16 points each from Tom Slaton, Ricky Green and Steve Greco. In earlier games, Minnesota downed Indiana 65-61 and Michigan State 99-77, and Michigan beat Iowa 91-80 after being upended by the Hoosiers 73-64. Indiana's upset was triggered by freshman Forward Mike Woodson, who had 26 points. After the game, Kent Benson, who scored 24 points, strode into a press conference and said, "I'm here on behalf of the Indiana team and I just want to say we're all very proud and happy to have Bobby Knight as our coach." Purdue drubbed Ohio State 90-61. Joe Barry Carroll blocked four shots, bringing his total to 61 in 22 games.

Also holding on to first place was Tennessee, which clung to its half-game edge over Kentucky in the Southeastern Conference as both won twice. Mississippi led Tennessee 42-40 at halftime, but the Vols broke loose for an 87-75 decision in which Bernard King had 35 points and 18 rebounds. With the score knotted at 81 at Alabama, the Vols got six straight points from Guard Johnny Darden and won 92-89. Kentucky stormed past Florida 104-78 as Guards Truman Claytor and Larry Johnson teamed up for 43 points, then downed LSU 90-76 behind Jack Givens' 21.

Austin Peay built a two-game lead over Murray State in the Ohio Valley. The Governors stopped East Tennessee State 72-59 and Middle Tennessee 67-61, while the Racers beat Tennessee Tech 79-77 in overtime and lost to Western Kentucky 82-81.

Northern Illinois (19-2) tied for the top spot in the Mid-American Conference by downing Bowling Green 81-79. Miami of Ohio (19-3) was a 92-85 loser to Central Michigan (19-2), which also knocked off Bowling Green 57-56.

1. KENTUCKY (20-2) 2. TENNESSEE (19-4) 3. MICHIGAN (20-3)



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It's the El Segundo Blue against the Los Angeles International Airport—and the butterfly has friends in high places

Its fate is up in the air

In Kapling's *The Butterfly That Stamped*, King Solomon overhears a butterfly tell his wife that if he stamped his foot the king's palace and garden would vanish in a clap of thunder. When Solomon has stopped laughing, he asks the butterfly why he told such a fib. The butterfly tells Solomon that he had been quarrelling with his wife and had told her that to put her in her place.

Well, in El Segundo, Calif., not in the *High and Far-Off Times* but quite recently, a butterfly in effect stamped and, as a result, the plans of a mighty airport are on the verge of vanishing. And, O my Best Beloved, it is no laughing matter.

The trio of scientists crawling on their hands and knees over the El Segundo Sand Dunes lying between the ocean and

Julian Donahue scouts the disputed El Segundo Dunes for pupae of the endangered butterfly

the runways of the Los Angeles International Airport paid little heed to the jetliners screaming overhead. Julian P. Donahue, assistant curator of entomology at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, intently sifted sand through his hands as he searched for the ¼-inch-long pupae of a butterfly known as the El Segundo Blue. Nearby were a couple of his museum colleagues, Dr. Robert L. Bezy, a herpetologist who had already unearthed a wormlike species of legless lizard, *Anniella pulchra*, and Dr. Chris Davidson, a botanist, busily looking for other unusual animals and plants.

Watching them with mounting fascination was Maurice Z. Laham, the airport's environmental planner. Only an hour before, at lunch with the scientists, Laham had scoffed at the "eco-freaks" who were interested in the curious life found in the dunes. By now, however, he was caught up in the thrill of discovery in sands that appeared barren to the untrained eye, and when Donahue came up with a rare scarab beetle, which he popped into a collecting jar, Laham exclaimed, "Hey, this is fun!"

The outing on the dunes was an unexpectedly convivial gathering of potential antagonists. On one side are the scientists and nature lovers. On the other are officials of the airport, which had spent \$44 million to acquire the dunes for possible expansion, only to learn that because of a little blue butterfly the \$44 million may be money down the drain.

The El Segundo Blue is not just another butterfly. It is an endangered species—perhaps several hundred survive—and the only place it lives is in the El Segundo Sand Dunes. It was one of six butterflies, all found in California, that were officially declared endangered last June by the U.S. Department of the Interior, the first insects to be so designated under the terms of the Endangered Species Act passed by Congress in 1973. Butterflies were chosen first because they are surely the best loved insects.

Scientifically, the El Segundo Blue is a subspecies known as *Shijimioroides bartoletis allyni*. The jaw-breaking generic name is of Japanese origin because the other members of the genus are found in Japan and Korea. It is possible that the ancestors of the El Segundo Blue made

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their way to Southern California by fluttering like a knuckleball around the rim of the Pacific basin. The subspecies name of *allyni* was bestowed in honor of Arthur C. Allyn, a former owner of the Chicago White Sox and a butterfly buff who maintains The Allyn Museum of Entomology in Sarasota, Fla. Allyn put up money to study the species, and it was described by Oakley Shields of the University of California at Davis in the *Bulletin of The Allyn Museum* in September 1975. (Given Allyn's interest in genetic variants, it is said that he came by his ownership of the White Sox naturally.)

The El Segundo Blue belongs to a large subfamily known as the Blues, or the Pieridae. Worldwide in distribution, but especially abundant in the Northern Hemisphere, the Blues have attracted lepidopterists because of the challenges they pose in identification and classification. Vladimir Nabokov was a research fellow at the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard in the 1940s, and he did extraordinary work there rearranging the classification of the Orange-margined Blues, mainly by noting differences in male genitalia. "The thrill of gaining information about certain structural mysteries in these Blue butterflies is perhaps more pleasurable than any literary achievement," Nabokov once remarked. Later, while teaching literature at Cornell, he was the first to describe a rare subspecies, the Karner Blue, *Lyciodes melissa samuelis*, from a population he studied near Albany, N.Y.

The adult male of the El Segundo Blue butterfly has a wingspan less than an inch wide. The upper side of the wings is a vivid purplish blue, while the underside is whitish with checkerboardlike black spots. The female, whose wings are brown on the upper side with an orange stripe near the margin of the hind wing, lays her eggs in the flower heads of a low-lying shrub, the coastal buckwheat, *Eriogonum parvifolium*, where they hatch in a few days. The caterpillars feed on the seeds and flowers of the buckwheat and complete their development by September, when they turn into pupae. While in the caterpillar stage, they secrete a fluid known as honeydew through slits on their backs. The honeydew has no known biological function other than to serve as tasty food for ants, *Iridomyrmex humilis*, which tend the caterpillars like shepherds and presumably

protect them from insect predators.

The pupae, which do not spin cocoons, lie dormant in the sand beneath the buckwheat until the following July or August when they emerge as adults. These live no longer than two weeks and rarely venture more than a few hundred feet from their birthplace. During this time, they mate and feed upon the nectar of the buckwheat flowers.

Originally the El Segundo Sand Dunes covered an area of about 36 square miles. However, housing and other development, which now plaster the coastline, have reduced the sand-dune habitat to a mere 245 acres. Two of these acres are on refinery grounds owned by Standard Oil of California. In 1975 a couple of amateur lepidopterists, Jeanne Oppewall, a writer-researcher for designer Charles Eames, and Dr. John Emmel, a physician and coauthor of *The Butterflies of Southern California*, collected adult Blues on the site. Oppewall suggested to Standard Oil that the company fence the two acres as a butterfly sanctuary, and the company gladly did so, at a cost of \$4,000.

The adjacent 243 acres, by far the more important habitat, now belong to the airport, and turning the acreage into a sanctuary is not exactly what its officials have had in mind. In 1960, when jet noise began to irritate many home owners in the dunes, the airport started acquiring property. All told, it spent \$44 million to buy up the land and raze more than 200 houses.

After Chicago's O'Hare, Los Angeles International Airport is the busiest in the world, handling 27 million passengers a year. Before 1990 the airport hopes to handle 40 million passengers annually. Even so, the 243 acres of sand dunes are not critical to airport expansion; in fact, the airport is thinking of turning most of the area into a mass recreation complex with a golf course as the set piece. Laham says, "The airport is a necessary public service and creates considerable environmental degradation of the surrounding community. Here we have an opportunity to pay back a little, and it's a wonderful gesture."

The gesture is not so wonderful to many. In 1972, at the request of Los Angeles County, a committee of scientists from the Natural History Museum and the Southern California Academy of Sciences placed the sand dunes at the top

of the list of "critical" habitats in the county demanding "immediate action," and when the airport raised the possibility of expansion the Federal Aviation Administration requested that an environmental impact study be conducted.

In 1975, the California Department of Food and Agriculture asked Donahue to evaluate 24 species of California butterfly being considered for federal protection. With the assistance of 18 experts, including Paul Ehrlich, the "population bomb" biologist (who developed some of his theories while pursuing his original calling as a lepidopterist), Donahue recommended that the El Segundo Blue and several other species be declared endangered. Governor Jerry Brown approved the recommendations and the state forwarded them to the Interior Department, which last June ruled the six species endangered.

The California Coastal Zone Conservation Commission, which has jurisdiction over land lying within 1,000 yards of the mean high-tide level, also has leverage and has informed Laham that the public interest would best be served by letting the sand dunes revert to a natural state.

A fortnight ago, the Interior Department proposed to have the airport's 243 acres and Standard Oil's two acres declared critical habitat for the El Segundo Blue. Under the law, Interior does not have the right to condemn the land in question, but it can prevent any federal agency, such as the FAA, from funding, authorizing or carrying out any action that could jeopardize critical habitat. Governor Brown has 90 days to reply to Interior, while the airport, Los Angeles County, scientists, lepidopterists and other interested parties have 60 days.

There is no doubt the scientists will fight if they must. After exploring the dunes with Laham, Donahue remarked, "The entire area is worth saving, and we're going to do everything we can."

Happily, Los Angeles International may give in with grace and allow the little blue butterfly to maintain its fragile link with life, to have its two weeks in the sun. As Clifton A. Moore, the general manager of the giant airport, said to Donahue before the expedition on the dunes, "We're interested in protecting all forms of life. Actually, we're interested in hybridizing these insects so they can carry 450 passengers."

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Next week the Clansmen of Canada's Simon Fraser University travel to Marshall, Minn. where, barring an upset, they will win their sixth straight NAIA swimming championship. If they follow past practice in other respects, they will arrive on the scene wearing kilts (Simon Fraser was an explorer and fur trader of Scottish extraction), cheer one another's triumphs beneath a large maple-leaf flag and, at meet's end, heave their coach into the water. And if he holds to form, Paul Savage will sink to the depths with a satisfied grin.

These frills will obscure, at least for the moment, the slightly awkward fact that Simon Fraser, while whooping it up in U.S. small-college ranks, is an out-and-out pariah in its native land. This odd situation began developing when Simon Fraser opened its doors in 1965, an eager little institution (present enrollment 8,500) with low-slung buildings and a huge covered mall admirably laid out along the spine of a forested 1,200-foot mountain just east of Vancouver. Maybe it was this setting that inspired him, but Gordon Strum, the school's first chancellor, pledged a major thrust into U.S. sport, predicting that Simon Fraser would turn the Pac-8 into the Pac-9 and play in the Rose Bowl. The gentleman allowed that this would take about a decade.

Though these ambitions were quickly toned down, Simon Fraser was soon faring well enough against American small colleges—and very well against other Canadian schools. The key to its success was a decision to award athletic scholarships, which Canada's colleges have eschewed as a peculiarly American evil. This put Canadian rivals at a disadvantage, and they grew even more reticent when Simon Fraser joined the NAIA in 1968, becoming one of two Canadian schools (the other, Ontario's Lakehead University, does not grant athletic scholarships) in the 515-member association. Three years ago the other Canadian colleges decided that Simon Fraser was a hopeless renegade—their moral outrage no doubt heightened by the lickings they were taking in sport after sport—and stopped scheduling the school. It now plays a U.S.-only schedule.

While Simon Fraser is scarcely happy about its outlaw status at home, this only seems to make it all the more determined to prosper in the U.S. Perhaps fittingly, the 44-year-old Savage, Simon Fraser's

swimming coach from the start, is a U.S. citizen, a onetime University of Washington team manager who diets a lot, worries even more and shows up at meets with a red plastic whistle the size of a tomato around his neck. In Simon Fraser's high-ceilinged pool building, two things spare swimmers the constant lash of Savage's tongue. One is that he is forever dashing off to his office for coffee and a smoke. The other is the moderating presence of his wife Marg, an assistant professor of kinesiology and his unpaid but hardworking assistant coach.

"Marg is calm and pleasant and I'm just the opposite," says Paul. But Marg Savage says, "Paul's excitability is part of the team's psych. The swimmers see him keyed up and they do better as a result. Besides, Paul is not as much out of control as he sometimes seems."

Savage is sufficiently self-possessed when it comes to recruiting Canada's best swimmers generally go to major U.S. universities, but being the only Canadian coach to offer scholarships enables Savage to bag enough unpublicized home-grown talent to give his squad the flavor of a national all-star team. He is also a canny if rather demonic scheduler. In

1968 he sent his team on what came to be known as "the death march." This was a string of dual meets on the West Coast, during which, recalls Athletics Director Lorne Davies, "we swam everybody but the dolphins at Marineland." In all, there were 11 meets in 12 days, and Simon Fraser was wallowed by powerhouses such as Southern Cal, UCLA and Stanford. But there were enough Chico States and Cal-Fullerons thrown in so that Simon Fraser won six meets.

All of which helped make the Clansmen a seasoned bunch by the time they began NAIA competition in 1969. After placing third, third and second in successive years, they won their first championship in 1972 with 332 points to runner-up Claremont-Mudd's 217. Nobody has come close since. In 1975 Simon Fraser swimmers won 14 of 16 events to amass a record 515 points over runner-up Central Washington's 191. Last year the Clansmen outscored Central Washington 412 to 201 in a meet that featured the farewell appearance of the versatile John VanBuren, a Vancouverite who in his four-year career became the only NAIA swimmer ever to win the maximum possible 12 individual events

continued

Captain Paul Savage blows the whistle for Simon Fraser; others wait to blow the whistle on it.





Bruce Robertson, a former world-champion butterfly, is setting his own pace at Simon Fraser.

at the championship meet. Suffering other graduation losses, Simon Fraser suddenly seemed vulnerable.

So what did Savage do in preparation for this season? He got himself a fine crop of freshmen. He welcomed back freestyler-butterflyer Doug Martin, an Ontario native who won three NAIA titles in 1974 and 1975 but took off last year to prepare for the Olympics, in which he was 22nd in the 200 butterfly. And, in a coup that may put Simon Fraser even more securely atop the NAIA pack, Savage picked up two-time Canadian Olympian Bruce Robertson, silver medalist behind Mark Spitz in the 100 butterfly at the 1972 Games and world champion in that event in 1973. Now 23, Robertson is a transfer from the University of British Columbia, where he did not swim competitively.

But then Savage almost lost Robertson. This occurred in late November when the coach turned down the former champion's request to skip scheduled workouts during Christmas vacation in order to go job hunting and visit friends in Ottawa. Robertson went anyway, quitting the team for six weeks.

Under coaxing from other team members, Savage swallowed hard and invited Robertson back, assigning him and two others who had been chafing under heavy workouts (Martin and sprint star Jim Shockey) to what the coach calls "the social club," meaning they can pretty much practice when they feel like it. "These

are talented swimmers and maybe they can get away with it," Savage says. "It's against my better judgment, but athletes are changing."

If only the continuing controversy in Canada over Simon Fraser's breakaway policy on scholarships could be resolved as easily. Everybody would benefit—in revenues, if nothing else—if the Clansmen were to resume natural rivalries with Canadian schools, especially with the University of British Columbia, whose campus is visible from Simon Fraser's mountaintop. Moreover, it scarcely seems right that a Canadian school can win "national" championships in the U.S. but not in Canada. And that it boasts quite a few All-Americans but not a single All-Canadian.

"We're being discriminated against," insists Athletic Director Davies. "Canadian universities think nothing of playing a school like Utah State, which gives scholarships, but refuse to play us because we do the same thing." Davies claims that Simon Fraser's scholarships keep at home Canadian athletes who would otherwise gravitate toward the U.S., and that, in any case, other Canadian schools have booster clubs that pay athletes. Meanwhile, he proudly points out that Simon Fraser produces more Canadian Football League players than anybody else. And that in 1975 Simon Fraser's soccer team made it to the NAIA finals in its maiden season and last spring won the championship. That

1-0 victory over Rockhurst (Mo.) College was not exactly what Chancellor Strum had in mind, but the game was played in the Rose Bowl.

The signal success of the Clansmen has doubtless exacerbated the feeling among Canadian intercollegiate officials that Simon Fraser is less than simon-pure. Particularly irksome is the fact that the province-supported school spends tax money for athletic scholarships. Then, too, nationalist sensibilities are offended by Simon Fraser's insistence on forsaking honorable, if humbler, competition at home to seek glory among U.S. schools. Ironically, supporters of some of those same U.S. schools circulated petitions at the NAIA championships a couple of years ago urging that Simon Fraser be expelled from future competition. Fortunately, the campaign seems to have fizzled, easing the specter of the Clansmen being bounded from country to country in search of competition.

Given his school's situation, it is probably a good thing that, before dual meets, Savage joins in singing, with feeling, the national anthems of both his native and adopted lands. This season his team is 6-1 in those dual meets, the loss coming at the hands of Savage's alma mater, Washington, which placed 20th in last year's NCAA meet. But Simon Fraser beat another NCAA school—a 75-38 rout of Oregon. Among this season's individual standouts is 1972 Canadian Olympian Anne Marie McCaffrey, a junior who swam in the last two NAIA championships, the only woman ever to do so. She did not score in either meet and Savage says he found a spot for her on the team simply because "she does the work." In other words, she is not a social-club member.

Nevertheless, there is suspicion that she is also an element of Savage's psych. During an easy dual-meet win at home this season over Southern Oregon, McCaffrey was climbing onto the starting block for the 1,000-meter freestyle when the opponent next to her said, "This is embarrassing, swimming against a girl."

"Don't worry about it," she replied. McCaffrey was paced by teammate Kelly Franks, who eased off at the end to allow her to win in 11:51.7. Of all those grumbling about the mavericks from Simon Fraser, few have been unhappier than that Southern Oregon swimmer. McCaffrey beat him by two lengths of the 25-meter pool.

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Moaning and winning in Motown

The Pistons feud constantly with their coach, but you couldn't tell by their play

One conventional bit of wisdom about pro basketball has it that to be successful a team must get along with its coach—at least a little. The coach needn't be loved or cherished or even liked very much, but some kind of mutual respect is considered essential. Otherwise the team goes down the drain, and the coach with it. That's what the book says.

Except that the Detroit Pistons don't buy it. From the beginning of the season they have been publicly tearing themselves apart while winning a surprising number of games. This is a team that is trying desperately to keep its \$2.1 million forward, Marvin (News) Barnes, out of jail, its superstar center, Bob Lanier, from going home, and its four talented guards—Kevin Porter, Chris Ford, Eric Money and Ralph Simpson—from hot-wiring Coach Herb Brown's Datsun. Nonetheless, after beating Portland and splitting with Washington last week, the Pistons raised their record to 34-25, fifth best in the NBA, and narrowed Denver's division lead to 3½ games.

Admitted that Lanier has his best season and that the starting forwards—M. L. Carr, last season's runner-up to David Thompson as ABA Rookie of the Year, and Howard Porter, whose idea of defense is to score twice as many points as his man—are about to be joined full time by Barnes, who says, "News ain't going to jail till he does something memorable." It may be true that the Pistons have more talent than any other team. But just listen to them.

Money replies to a suggestion from Brown during a crucial time-out while the Pistons are beating Cleveland at

home by screaming, "Hey, if you don't like what I'm doing don't put me out there." Whereupon Lanier, the team captain, gets up and walks away. Brown calls after him pleadingly, "Bob Bob Come back, Bob. Please." At Washington, Ford is about to take a jumper when he hears Brown shout at him, "Chris, don't shoot!" He runs by the bench and shouts at the coach, "Don't you ever yell at me during play!" Kevin Porter is removed from a game, and, as usual, trots angrily past Brown heading for the last seat on the bench. Finding it occupied, Porter sits down in the middle. At a time-out the rest of the Pistons get up and huddle around Brown. Porter moves quickly to the vacated end seat and resumes his pout from there. In a game against San Antonio, Barnes shows up at halftime, full of painkillers after having four teeth extracted ("Dentist said, 'Marvin, was you eating rocks?'") and is ordered into uniform by the team doctor and General Manager Oscar Feldman. Barnes does not want to dress. "Fans be yelling 'News! News!'" he says. "I don't want to disappoint 'em." Sides form quickly—the doctor and general manager vs. Lanier and Ford—and an argument rages that can be heard outside the closed locker-room door. If the Pistons were a TV miniseries, they would make *Roots* seem like *Dog Day School*.

The stars of this gamy melodrama are undeniably Kevin Porter and Brown, each of whom started the season feeling

he had something heavy to prove about himself. Porter came to Detroit last season, replacing the immensely popular Dave Bing, and in the 19th game wiped out a knee and the rest of his year. Brown became head coach at midseason, replacing the immensely popular Ray Scott. Under him, the Pistons won 10 of their last 13 and made the playoffs, where they nearly toppled Golden State.

Hurrah for Brown? No. His coaching style—he screams a lot, jumps off the bench and is notably free with criticism—was not what the Pistons were used to after the taciturn Scott. And they resented it, partly because they did not feel Brown had the credentials to be coaching them—most recently two years at C.W. Post College on Long Island and 30 games with the Israel Sabras in the late great European Professional Basketball League. Brown's brash and scratchy Noo Yawk accent didn't help either. "I just don't like the way he sounds when he's criticizing me," says Lanier. "What he's saying may be right, but sometimes I just can't listen."

From the beginning Brown was acutely aware of the players' antipathy to him, and his struggle to prove himself this season (his contract is for one year, though he asked for three) was not made easier when the league put Denver into the same division with Detroit. The first-place Nuggets are coached by Herb's highly successful younger brother Larry.

"People think we hate each other,"



For once, Porter sits next to Brown on the bench, though they don't have much to say to each other

says Herb. "That is absolutely untrue. But there's nobody I'd rather beat." In two meetings so far, each brother has won on his home court. The heat of Brown's passion is not lost on the Pistons, one of whom commented while watching Denver play on television that Larry was about the sharpest-dressed dude in the league. "Yeah," said Herb. "But he lost."

Brown's troubles began in earnest in training camp when all four of his guards showed up expecting to start. Porter began the psychodrama by cursing at Brown in the locker room and then denouncing him to the press when Brown did not start him. When Money was injured, Porter started, and quieted down. Then Money, healthy again, began complaining when he didn't start. Complaints became *de rigueur* in the Piston camp. Even the mild-mannered Simpson asked to be traded, claiming that he waived his no-trade clause only after the Pistons promised he would start.

Brown's instinct was to involve Lanier as a peacemaker and go-between, but Lanier soon tired of the role and began making Cowensian noises of his own. "This stuff's ridiculous," he said. "It never should have been allowed to get started in the first place. If it gets to where I can't deal with it, I'm going to have to leave the game for awhile."

Meanwhile Barnes, a 24.1-point scorer with St. Louis, was giving everybody something quite different to think about. The problem with Barnes was that in 1972 he had conked a friend over the head with a tire iron and received a suspended sentence and three years' probation from a Providence, R.I. judge. So one of his first moves in Detroit (after showing up with a broken ankle) was to try to get a .38 pass the metal detector at the airport. For violating probation, he was hit with a one-year jail sentence, which the Pistons managed to delay until after the end of the season.

Brown tried to put a stop to the whining on Christmas Day when he slapped a \$1,000 fine on Porter for not sitting next to him on the bench. "All I ask," says Brown, "is for the guy to sit next to me so if I have something to say to him I don't have to walk all the way down the bench." Five days later in Denver, of all places, Money argued with Brown on the floor, and at halftime they really went at it. Brown fined Money and made him stay in the locker room the entire second half. Back in Detroit Porter leaned

over the press table and told Curt Sylvester of the *Free Press*. "Write this: I want out. He is not man enough to say that the problem is him and me—well, I am. Nothing is going to get solved here. He treats me bad." Two weeks later, in Washington, Porter was fined again after nearly coming to blows with Brown.

"They're not angry at me," Brown keeps saying. "Any coach would have the problem. You got Kevin Porter, who comes here to replace the most popular guy ever to play in Detroit. Porter gets hurt and has to prove himself all over again. You got Money, 22 years old, third year in the league. He knows he's a starter. Chris Ford is playing the best ball of his life, and Simpson is an All-Star. Everybody's all over me, because I'm the easiest one to get. Listen, I'm a jerk before I even walk out on the court, so what do I have to lose? I'm paid to win and I think it's better to have everyone talking than to have it all boiling up inside. At least we're loose. Believe me, there's a method to my madness."

"Yeah," says Money, downplaying the turmoil. "We may gripe on the sidelines but we perform on the court. What's wrong with that? That's human. The Oakland A's won the World Series that way. We can say what we want. Herb's a liberal guy. He may not like what we say, but he lets us say it."

A week after the Washington incident, Brown, Porter and Porter's lawyer attended a peacemaking Sunday brunch at the home of the general manager. "Most of the players have no-cut multi-year contracts," Feldman said. "Why they can't be happy in winning whether they make a contribution or not is beyond me."

When the Pistons were fighting at Christmas time, Feldman was on a two-week vacation in the Virgin Islands. At the brunch "The Mighty Oz," as some of his employees call him, told Porter he would not be traded, told Brown he would not be fired—this year at least—and declared at a press conference the next day that the Brown-Porter feud was over. A hard point to prove, since Porter did not attend.

A couple of days later, however, after sitting at the end of the bench during the entire second half in a win over Cleveland, Porter said in the locker room for the 300th time, "I got to get out of here. I don't even enjoy putting on the uniform anymore." In another corner,



Lanier has tried hard to rise above the turmoil.

Money was cursing out the officials, Ford was stone-faced, Simpson sullen.

Lanier looked around and said, "Look at you dudes. All mad. What good is that going to do you to be getting mad all the time? I ain't getting mad. When that stuff starts happening I walk away."

Suddenly Barnes shattered the tension, filling his most important role on the team while he waits to get more playing time. "Of course you ain't mad," he yelled at Lanier. "This is your team! I never get mad when it's my team! At St. Louis I never got mad, except about my money."

Already the room was laughing, except for Kevin Porter.

"Nobody's going to see the real News on this team, 'cause I ain't designated to score 30," Barnes went on. "I'm better than any forward on this team. I got two broken legs, I'm still better. News didn't come here to sit on wood. I got to get my 30. My fans be demanding it."

"See," said Lanier. "Another dude getting mad."

In the back, Howard Porter—"Geezer," the team's self-appointed psychologist—considered the scene. "Everything is reflective of individual personalities," he said, stroking his beard. "There are no mysteries here."



they have hunger for success

Most athletes consider food mere fuel for their bodies, but an increasing number look to get a competitive edge from their diet, be it mung bean sprouts, eight raw eggs per meal or a shot of Wild Turkey

by j.d. reed



Jack Youngblood, a defensive end for the Los Angeles Rams, stands before an immense mirror in the team's exercise room in Long Beach huffing through a set of forearm curls. A 27-year-old All-Pro with craggy good looks, Youngblood has just finished a three-hour scrimmage in 90° September heat. He must now go through the stations of the weight room before calling it a day. The veins in his arms and neck bulge, and he is thinking about food.

Panting, Youngblood says, "The body is a test tube. You have to put in exactly the right ingredients to get the best reaction out of it. Nutrition is an essential element for any athlete."

The problem is that what comprises proper nutrition for athletes is a matter of considerable debate. Men and wom-

continued

en whose professional success depends mainly on their physical capabilities must—at least to some extent—regard their bodies as test tubes. Dr. Timothy T. Craig, head of the American Medical Association's division of sports medicine, says, "Athletes' concern with diet is naturally from a performance point of view; they look for an elixir to give them a slight advantage over their opponents." Accordingly, it might be expected that athletes' diets would reflect a greater than normal concern for proper nutrition. However, within these human test tubes, there are as many Big Macs and Snickers bars as there are steaks and spinach salads, as much grits as Granola, as many servings of lasagna as liver, as much bourbon as brown rice. Indeed, athletes' diets span the same range from good to bad that those of more sedentary folks do. Most athletes simply consider food to be fuel and, like the majority of the rest of us, they do little more than try to follow a regimen of three well-balanced meals a day, just as your family physician suggests.

But there are other athletes—and their numbers are increasing—who set great store by magic potions. And at the other extreme there are even a few jocks who, if their diets are reliable evidence, seem to believe that it matters not what an athlete consumes.

Among those seeking an extra edge when they eat are vegetarians, megavitamin gulpers, high-carbohydrate dieters, glycogen loaders and even some who think sipping up on bee pollen will improve their performances. Many of these unconventional eaters are also serious students of the problems of overweight, underweight, weight maintenance, stamina building and strengthening.

What, for instance, does Youngblood eat? Here's a young man in the prime of life, in the best of shape, who has just used up a couple of thousand calories in a three-hour workout—equal to the number sedentary folks burn in a whole day. Certainly he's going to devour—as his name suggests—hot, red beef along with a few dozen potatoes soaked in sour cream and butter. Of course, this man who makes his living by throwing people to the ground is going to attack dinner the way he'd clobber a running back. Sure he is.

Says the 6'4", 255-pound Youngblood, "My favorite dinner is steamed broccoli, a piece of broiled halibut and one of my wife's great Italian salads. I can't eat beef. It's too rich, too acidic. Broiled or boiled chicken is good for me, and lots of fish. The normal American diet of steak, potatoes, ice cream and white bread is a killer. That's heart-attack and stroke country. The trick is to find out how little your body can do with, then stay there."

The rest of Youngblood's diet is as bland as his dinner menu. For breakfast

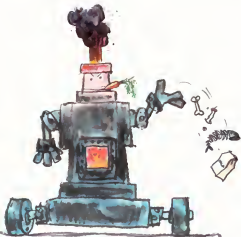
he has fresh juice and one boiled egg, for lunch a big tuna salad.

That greatest of gustatory authors, Brillat-Savarin, once bragged, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." On the evidence of diet, Brillat-Savarin would spot Youngblood as a particularly cautious cardiologist.

It wasn't always this way. We used to expect he-man feats when our heroes sat down to dine. And we got them. There were Jack Nicklaus' bouts with mounds of oysters and, before that, Babe Ruth's binges of whiskey and steak, hot dogs and beer. Eleven years ago Ernie Ladd, then a 310-pound tackle with the San Diego Chargers, defeated a similarly built Italian fisherman in something billed as The Eating Championship of the World. Ladd downed 10 steaks, several portions of prime rib, two fried chickens, a pound of butter, three quarts of pop, a coconut cream pie and miscellaneous side dishes. And even when Archie Moore went on his aboriginal diet or Billy Casper began eating buffalo meat, they did it for concrete reasons, the former to make the light heavyweight limit, the latter to forestall allergies.

Back in those simpler times, athletes ate huge amounts of meat protein, usually in the form of steak. But in the confusing world of current nutritional thinking, beef is rapidly being discredited for a variety of reasons, being replaced with everything from pancakes to mung beans.

The almost mystical belief in meat as the necessary ingredient in athletes' diets goes back a long way in Western culture. In ancient Greece, athletes were special people. They often lived and trained apart from the general pop-



ulace and maintained strict vegetarian diets. The practice was to reward a winning wrestler or runner with a few scraps of meat. Presumably, a winning Olympian might get a whole leg of lamb, but mostly it was vegetables and honey.

Then around 450 B.C. along came the first food faddist, the Euell Gibbons of Greece, Dromeus of Stymphalos. In an era when warriors customarily ate lion's heart for courage and deer liver for speed, Dromeus reasoned that athletes who needed great muscles should eat the meat of muscular animals—bulls, for example—for strength. Thus began sport's more than 2,000-year love affair with strip sirloin.

At the opposite end of the Ram front four from Youngblood is Fred Dryer, 30, a free-wheeling free-thinker who for two seasons lived anywhere his Volkswagen minibus happened to be parked.

"I only eat meat about once a week," says Dryer, who now resides in a Long Beach bachelor pad. "It's not because I'm a health-food freak or an organics guy, but because I'm convinced from my own investigation that meat is an inefficient means of getting protein. Besides, why kill a cow when so much is given to us naturally?"

"It's like white bread. Some guy along the line thought, 'Ooh, look at this ratty, ugly brown wheat. Let's bleach it until it's sweet and white and all clean.' So they make white bread, taking out all the nutrients and fiber. To prove how fresh it is, you squeeze it—like this." Dryer brings his huge hands together until there's only enough room left inside for a walnut. "And that's what it does in your intestines."

Dryer lives on two meals a day that include little meat and no squishy bread. "About 8 a.m., I have eight raw egg yolks, milk, applesauce, papaya juice and two tablespoons of bran, all mixed in a blender," he says. "Then about 6 p.m., I steam up 10 or 12 different vegetables and eat two or three bowlsful of that. If I'm hungry at night, I have another one of those cocktails."

Even though Dryer's consumption of 70 egg yolks a week would seem to make him a candidate for intensive care, he is very healthy. "Nearly everything we're told about food and nutrition is nonsense," he says. "Forget about calories, carbohydrate grams and cholesterol. The AMA is so sanctimonious. They say only eat two or three eggs a week. My cholesterol count is always very low because I don't cook the eggs. Heat changes the molecular structure of food. If I ate 70 fried eggs a week, I'd be dead by now."

(According to two noted nutritionists, Dryer is wrong. Not only is he risking keeling over from too much cholesterol by eating so many eggs, whether cooked or un-



cooked, but he also could contract salmonellosis, an occasionally fatal form of food poisoning, by eating them raw.)

Dryer admits to a dietary failing that occasionally gets him into deep nutritional trouble. "If I've been out running the streets and really sopping up the beer some nights, I just hog into McDonald's or some greasy spoon and get right into the burgers and the grease," he says. "God, it tastes good. But I don't do it very often. They're killers, those fast-food places where you can poison the whole family for less than five dollars."

The positive results of NFL players like Dryer and Youngblood existing on such dainty fare as broiled chicken and steamed vegetables may be more mental than physical. "I can't make some statement like, 'I went to the Pro Bowl last year because of egg yolks, bran and vegetables,'" says Dryer, "but when I developed my diet, I learned to question things and to make my own investigation of my life based on facts, not hearsay. That carried over into football. I've played on a lot of teams and, frankly, very few trainers know what they're doing. They'll tell you anything."

One thing is absolutely sure. Don't call Dryer's diet crazy. "Lots of folks may think it's nutty not to eat meat and white bread and honey and all that jazz that's supposed to build strong bodies eight ways," he says. "I'd just as soon eat grass or go to the desert and live on lizards, as eat steak and white bread. Some things on this earth are just not meant to be eaten."

The great farwell to beef has gained adherents among all sorts of athletes. One of them is Portland Trail Blazers Center Bill Walton, a sometime political radical and full-time vegetarian. Walton even eschews milk, cheese and eggs, limiting his diet almost exclusively to fruit, nuts, grains and vegetables. Among sports stars with more conventional ideologies and life-styles, Chris Evert is usually a non-meat eater. So is Wayne Stetina, an Olympic cyclist from In-

continued

the healthiest diet?

Well, what should an athlete eat? As the accompanying article indicates, there are almost as many opinions on that question as there are athletes. One solution is to ask the experts. Two authorities, one a dietary "conservative," the other a "liberal," give **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** their views on the ideal regimen for athletes, such as football players and long-distance runners, who expend large amounts of energy.

The "liberal" is physiologist Joan Ulflyot, an M.D. who specializes in sports medicine at the Institute of Health Research in San Francisco. In a study of more than 1,000 healthy persons, Ulflyot determined that the healthiest were vegetarians who run. The next healthiest were non-running vegetarians, followed by runners who eat an ordinary diet, then non-runners on an ordinary diet. The doctor herself has run the marathon in under three hours. Needless to say, she recommends that athletes—and anybody else, for that matter—go on a vegetarian diet, one that includes eggs and milk products.

Ulflyot suggests starting the day with a breakfast of whole grain cereal and fruit. For lunch or dinner, she recommends vegetable soup, a salad, cottage cheese and, perhaps, even a little fish. (She's not all that strict about vegetarianism.) For snacks there's nothing better than whole grain bread slathered with natural peanut butter and washed down with a glass of milk.

"A lot of football players are scared to go on a vegetarian diet because they think they won't get enough protein, but that's not true," Ulflyot says. "There's nothing you get from meat that you can't get from a good vegetarian diet." For bulk and endurance, an athlete should fill up on carbohydrates—spaghetti, lasagna, potatoes. "Professional athletes often have the misconception that you have to build yourself up with lots of protein," Ulflyot says. "That's a ridiculous idea. You need carbohydrates as fuel to provide all the energy you are using."

Ulflyot recognizes that it is difficult for most athletes to make the radical change from the traditional, meat-heavy training-table diet to a vegetarian one, but says that the health advantages—dramatically lower cholesterol and blood fat levels, for example—make it worth the effort.

"The main obstacle to most players adopting such a diet," says Ulflyot, "is the advice they get from trainers and coaches all during their years in high school and college. Any coach who believes steak and eggs are best is behind the times."

Does the doctor practice what she preaches? "Actually, I'm not much of an absolute-

principle type myself," she says. "I can't pass up a nice piece of meat."

A diet of more familiar fare is suggested by Dr. Beverly Bullen, director of the graduate program in nutrition at Boston University and a former student of Tufts University President Dr. Jean Mayer, the United States' most renowned nutritionist. Dr. Bullen's recommendation is for "a generally balanced diet—vegetables, meat, carbohydrates and so on—with enough calories to cover the rigors of training." That's simple enough, but Bullen quickly adds a few warnings. Eat lean meats such as poultry and fish for the high-grade protein that, she contends, the athlete needs and cannot get from strictly vegetarian fare, but go easy on steak, because it has too much fat. Drink skim milk fortified with vitamins A and D rather than whole milk with its high fat content.

"Everyone is eating too much fat," says Bullen, who has done extensive research on the health problems of the obese. Although an athlete can usually handle more fat in his diet than a sedentary person, he has special problems in the off-season and at retirement. If he keeps eating as if he were still at the training table—even though he is burning many fewer calories—the result will be a roll of fat when he returns to training camp or, for a retired athlete, perhaps a heart attack in his 40s.

Even high protein consumption can cause trouble, according to Bullen. The more animal protein a person eats the more urea he produces, making the kidneys work harder; the result in some cases is serious kidney damage. "However," she says, "if eating a lot of meat psychs a player up and convinces him that it will help his game, then I guess it's all right, so long as someone makes certain it isn't causing him any injury." In any case, an athlete should never eat a high protein or fat-heavy meal within four hours of competition, because it takes too long to digest.

Dr. Bullen on nutritional fads:

- On megavitamins: "As a rule, if you are taking more than 10 times the daily allowance of a vitamin, you aren't using it as a vitamin, but as a drug. Vitamins A and D can be toxic at high levels, and any high dosage is potentially harmful."
- "There's nothing really wrong with some refined sugar as long as you are getting all the nutrients you need."
- "Vegetarians should watch their diets more carefully than athletes who eat meat. Try to complement one kind of vegetable protein with another. Make sure you get enough vitamin B12."

—JULIA LAMB

dianapolis. All the members of Stetina's family became vegetarians four years ago. Neither a fanatic Earth-Shoe, back-to-nature cultist nor a quasi-religious natural-foods advocate, Stetina simply says, "We read books on the subject—a lot of them—and came to the conclusion that, because of the number and amounts of hormones now used to fatten animals, meat isn't healthy."

In the parlance of faddists, Stetina is known as a lacto-ovi-vegetarian. "That means milk, eggs and cheese are allowed," he says, "but instead of milk I drink kefir; it's a drink that's cultured from grain and tastes like buttermilk. I eat a few eggs a week, and once in a while I have some fish."

A salad for Stetina is a major production. "I make one every day. I use romaine, endive, escarole, but no head lettuce," he says. "The dressing we make is apple-cider vinegar and olive oil. Then I spread sprout lentils on it and, alfalfa, sunflower seeds, sesame seeds and mung beans."

Stetina fasts one day a week, drinking only juices. "It helps the body stay clean and efficient," he says. His favorite drink, which he runs through the family juicerator, is a mixture of celery, carrot, potato and cucumber juices.

"It's helped my cycling some," says the 22-year-old Indiana University student, "but the diet is more important over the long run and later in life."

If Dryer, Youngblood and Stetina seem overly concerned about their diets, it is because they are among those athletes who examine their bodies as if they were rare and fragile flowers. They talk at length about "cleaning out the system," "efficient bowel movements" and "healthy urine." But their diets, not to mention their intense concern for their bodily functions, are unbearably dull to those with livelier palates, and there are athletes with a craving for spicy foods. No one likes them hotter than Bobby Unser. A few hours before settling into his car for the 1975 Indianapolis 500, he ate a big bowl of his mom's chili, a flaming concoction of hot peppers laced with a secret ingredient—tequila. Unser won that 500, and a Mexican food distributor and a tequila company have since begun a promotion for their products featuring Mom Unser's recipe.

But even chili may be for sissies. Evel

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Knievel's breakfast before a recent jump over 10 vans in Worcester, Mass. was a shot of Wild Turkey and a can of beer. *The Breakfast of Champions*.

Bachelors in sports often have odd diets, mainly because there is no one around to cook for them. Almost every athlete has a story about an unmarried teammate with a curious—even disgusting—eating habit, such as banana-and-Canadian-bacon sandwiches with diet black-raspberry soda.

Among the more peculiar diets is that of Baltimore Colt Defensive Tackle Joe Ehrmann. His favorite foods are peanut butter and beans, crunchily and canned, respectively.

"I eat steak and take food supplements, but I really love peanut butter," says Ehrmann. His former roommate, ex-Colt Quarterback Marty Domres, says, "Joe eats peanut butter on everything—on rye toast, with celery, even with mayonnaise. And beans. I never met a guy before who went to the store just to buy beans."

Be it beets or tequila or peanut butter, athletes, like most of the populace, tend to consume too much. Youngblood says, "You hear constantly that football players, because they burn up so much food energy, need to eat a great deal just to survive. It's a myth."

Adds Dwyer: "The overweight athletes have just been conditioned by our own PR about how much we eat, how tough and animalistic we are. Athletes don't need to eat all that much more than anyone else, because we use our food more efficiently."

Nowhere in sports is weight more critical than on the scale before a horse race. A jockey, who usually weighs less than 10% of his mount, must struggle to keep his weight at a bare minimum. To do so, he often uses a time-honored method of the track.

Johnny Sellers weighs 113 pounds and has for most of his 21 years as a jockey. "I love to eat," Sellers said recently while proving it in the elegant private dining room at Chicago's Hawthorne race track, "and it's easier, particularly when you're with friends, to eat with them than to sit there with a bowl of soup and watch them go after the steaks."

"Take this lunch," he said, gesturing at his plate of chicken Kiev, oozing pools of buttery juices. "I love it. It tastes just great, but I can't keep it. It's noon now, and my first race is at 2:30. I'll have to flip it."

Flipping is throwing up. "It's been the best reducing method since the Romans," said Sellers. "I learned it as a bug boy, and I've been doing it for about 20 years. Doctors say it's perfectly O.K., and that's the way I keep fit. Lots of riders do it. Some can't, though. Laffit Pincay can't flip lunch, so he's got to exist on sunflower seeds."

"And it's funny when you get a new jock around. He goes out for a steak dinner with you, and afterwards you go and heave. Then the kid tries it and can't make himself do it. Sometimes he'll have to scratch the next day because he can't make the weight."

Later, in the jockeys' room, Sellers weaved his way through short, towel-wrapped men to the bathroom. He came back in a minute, looking pale but calm. Lighting up an expensive cigar, he sat back just as if he were digesting a fine meal. "Racing is a nervous business," he said. "Owners are nervous, horses are nervous, and jockeys are the most nervous bunch of athletes I've ever seen. Given that state of things, it's easy to flip lunch."

Athletes in other sports have resorted to other means nearly as drastic to lose weight. After Ed White, a Minnesota Vikings guard, weighed in at a lousy 288 before the 1976 Pro Bowl, he went on a diet of his own formulation. "I fasted five days a week," he says. "Just fruit juice, no solids. Then on weekends I ate ev-

erything that wasn't tied down." This season White played at 260, "with a lot more speed in the pit."

For the usual run of athletic fatty, the L.A. Rams have a simple plan. "We send the overweight guys to Weight Watchers," says Trainer Gary Tutthill. "But they don't have to go to those meetings with all the middle-aged ladies. They come to our meetings. We've got the paychecks."

There also are some athletes who must gain weight. Bob Maddox, the Kansas City Chiefs' defensive end who formerly played for Cincinnati, is remembered with awe by the Bengals' trainer Marvin Pollins.

The Bengals kept trying to fatten up Maddox and encouraged him to eat a lot. "He'd sit down at the table," says Pollins, "with six or seven T-bones and five ears of corn. He'd just stack the steaks on his tray, cover them with A1 Sauce, pick them up in his hands and start eating. For breakfast Bob would have a whole box of corn flakes with half a gallon of milk. He was such an attraction in camp that I think he kept it up just because we all expected him to." Another reason he kept it up was that, after months of gluttony, Maddox had gained only six pounds.

Even when athletes have little or no problem with gaining or losing weight and have found a diet that sustains them, many still search for the elixir that will give them the edge. A few years back the megavitamin fad was the answer among coaches, trainers and players. But now the practice of ingesting massive doses of the water-soluble vitamins—B complex and C—is almost dead because mounting scientific evidence indicates

that these vitamins are needed only in small amounts and that heavy exercise causes them to be excreted so quickly that they are practically useless—except perhaps off the court. Bob Ferry, general manager of the Washington Bullets and a former Detroit Piston player, says, "I remember one season in Detroit, we all took a lot of vitamins. I don't think we played any better, but three of our wives got pregnant."

And pro tennis player Julie Heldman, who has been the megavitamin route, says, "There's

continued



a 'mother' on the tour who's always passing out vitamin pills. All kinds, all shapes, all sizes. The younger girls take them without asking any questions. They don't even know why. Vitamins just sound healthy, I guess."

Doc Counsilman, the Indiana University swimming coach, says, "Kids grow up in a vitamin culture in America. We see ads for the most useless breakfast cereals. Doctors, health-food nuts—they all talk about vitamins. I give my swimmers 500 units of vitamin C a day—even though I can prove that it's useless. Too much C, according to the latest tests in Europe, can even be harmful. It can damage the kidneys and destroy itself in the body, which means that one can become allergic to it. But we give it to the kids in small amounts because they think it makes them swim better. And if they think so, it does."

The latest dietary crazy is glycogen loading. Developed a decade ago by

Swedish physiologist Erik Hultman while working with cross-country skiers, the technique involves exhausting the body's glycogen reserves, which are the major source of muscle energy. Then, shortly before his event, the athlete's muscles are "loaded" with glycogen, providing him with a higher level of fuel for endurance events.

As practiced by the 1976 NCAA-champion Iowa wrestlers, the process begins a week before a meet. Wrestlers eat a high-protein, low-fat, low-carbohydrate diet for three days, with a heavy workout on the third day to exhaust all the glycogen from the muscles. Then the wrestlers undergo light practice sessions and eat a high-carbohydrate diet—foods such as spaghetti, pancakes, bread—for the next three days. That loads the muscles with a new infusion of glycogen.

Frank Shorter, the '72 Olympic marathon gold medalist, says, "The technique might be worth another three min-

utes off my time." But Counsilman and others doubt the benefits of glycogen loading and consider it hazardous. "We tried it with our swimmers," says Counsilman. "We did muscle biopsies before and after loading and found that you'd have to swim four miles before it'd do any good."

"And during the days of high-carbohydrate eating you pull in three times as much water as usual. That's dangerous. Some athletes have gotten heart pains from it, and we believe that's from the excess water being absorbed by the heart muscle. No one has died yet, but the process makes us worry."

Ironically, a strong piece of evidence on Counsilman's side comes in the person of Chuck Yagla, the star of Iowa's 1976 wrestling team. Yagla did not do carbohydrate loading with the rest of the Hawkeyes and still had a 41-1 record. "I hate pancakes," he says. "A lot of the guys like them, so I guess the loading's

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hunger

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O.K. for them, but I can't stand it."

After weigh-in, five hours before a match, Yagla likes to sit down to—what else?—a big meal of steak, eggs and milk. According to the latest dietary fads, Yagla is nuts, a throwback to the championship Green Bay Packers' training table, where all those huge men in torn T-shirts and brush cuts fired down immense quantities of prime meat. Nonetheless, Yagla's record so far this season is 25-3.

Perhaps Dromaeus was right about the benefits of meat. You certainly cannot prove otherwise by the appropriately named George Cook, who helps provide food for visiting NFL teams at a Dallas hotel. In 1975, before a game in which the Cowboys were favored to whip the Chiefs, Cook watched John Matuszak, then a Kansas City defensive end, eat a 14-ounce steak, six scrambled eggs and eight pieces of toast. But that was only an appetizer. The 6'8", 280-pound Matuszak next ate seven slices of bacon, a slab of ham and four more eggs, fried hard. After watching Matuszak in action, Cook correctly predicted an upset by the Chiefs.

Then the Oakland Raiders came to Dallas and ordered up a midnight snack—100 pounds of hamburger, 125 pounds of ribs—and Cook again correctly predicted a Cowboy loss.

Cook can spot a loser, too. When he saw Philadelphia Eagle Quarterback Roman Gabriel eating a modest toast-and-honey breakfast, he predicted a Cowboy victory. Right on, 27-17.

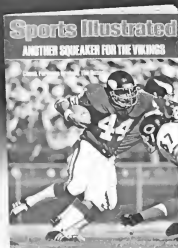
Cook's predictions notwithstanding, the only conclusion that can be reached after examining the bewildering array of athletes' diets is that the food that goes into the test tube of the body may not be nearly as important as the confidence that simultaneously goes into the psyche.

Most coaches and trainers agree with the AMA's analysis that "conditioning and athletic skill rank far and away as the most important factors in successful athletic performance. Nutrition can only assist to the extent that the diet is adequate in essential nutrients."

And about the only sure advice one can glean in the whole seven-course stew comes from the Los Angeles Lakers' resident health-fad devotee, Cazzie Russell. "Don't eat soul food before the game," he warns. "At halftime, you'll still be burping."

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SPECIAL RESPONSE

Sir:

If one picture is worth a thousand words, then your special issue, *A Year in Sports*, is worth 134,000. However, some pictures are worth even more. You captured every memorable event in sports during the past year. I shall hold on to this issue for a long time.

GARY DRILLINGS
Westbury, N.Y.

Sir:

Fantastic! *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photographers seem to have a talent that other photographers lack, i.e., a knack for getting on film a picture that makes the reader feel a part of the action. Let me especially commend you on the excellence of the pictures in the baseball section. They were outstanding!

JIM CIRM
New Castle, Ind.

Sir:

It's too bad that you neglected to depict the third coming of King Kong to New York. Dave (Kong) Kingman might have clouted 62 homers, and Mike Schmidt might not have won his "third straight home run title with 38," if Kingman hadn't been injured. It would also have been nice to see a photograph of the American League home run king, Graig Nettles. Nice job, anyway.

MIKE GEROW
Onondaga, N.Y.

Sir:

Your use of the "New York version of the Boston Massacre" in this special issue certainly points to a need for preventing, or at least better controlling, such happenings. That incident was bad for baseball, but Rock Monday's rescue of the flag from two fans bent on burning it was as smoothly done as anything I have ever seen on a sports field. What a tribute to him and to baseball, especially in the Bicentennial year! Yet you did not use a picture of that.

GEORGE McQUEEN
Chicopee, Mass.

Sir:

Go back and look at your hockey photographs. What do you see? Larry Robinson punching Mel Bridgman in the face, and Jack McIlhenny, his face bloodied, skating off in a daze. They're trying to clean up the game, but with these pictures you're encouraging violence. You have shown Gil Perreault faking out a defenseman or Ken Dryden making a big save for the Canadians on their way to the Stanley Cup.

DAN NIESER
Camillus, N.Y.

Sir:

Printing one shot of a soccer match is at once neglectful of most of the world and of what is happening in this country. The most popular sport in the world is surely entitled to more enlightened treatment.

HOWARD GOLDMAN
President
Intercollegiate Soccer Association
of America
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir:

For some reason you have completely ignored amateur wrestling. The number of participants in this sport on the college and high school levels alone should warrant at least an honorable mention.

WILLIAM F. HILL
Hampton Bays, N.Y.

Sir:

Your special issue couldn't have been better. You covered everything from the Olympics to the World Series of poker. Do it again next year.

DAVE RILEY
Bridgeport, Conn.

LEADING LAKERS

Sir:

My congratulations to Curry Kirkpatrick on his fine article on the Los Angeles Lakers (*JR's a Wild West Show*, Feb. 14). Jerry West is doing a fantastic coaching job, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar puts a lot of excitement into the game. Abdul-Jabbar is one of the greatest basketball centers to step onto a court.

TAMMY FACCIANI
South Fork, Pa.

Sir:

Jerry West has proved he can be an NBA coach and his assistants, Stan Albeck and Jack McCloskey, have done a commendable job. With young talent such as Earl Tatum, Don Ford and Tom Abernethy, the Lakers seem so to be well stocked for the future. And with three first-round draft picks in 1977 they really don't have much to worry about.

MARIE GARRINGTON
Sun Valley, Calif.

Sir:

I studied John G. Zimmerman's cover photograph of Kareem & Co. for about five minutes. It is an excellent picture, one of the best I've seen.

MICHAEL LAW
Richmond, Calif.

COUNTING THE TAKE

Sir:

Sugar Ray Leonard may be a talented boxer and Angelo Dundee may be a talented han-

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

der, but I would suggest that they hire a talented fourth-grader to determine their take (*The Day the Gold Turned Green*, Feb. 14). If Sugar Ray received only \$40,044 for his Feb. 5 bout, he was shortchanged by \$3,616.

Figure it out. If Sugar Ray was to receive half of the live gate over \$35,000 and the total gate receipts were \$72,320, his share would come to \$37,320 divided by two, or \$18,660. Add this amount to Louis Grassnick's \$10,000, CBS' \$10,000 and the first \$5,000 after the live gate passed \$30,000 and you get a total of \$43,660, not \$40,044. Even though this was his first professional fight, Sugar Ray gave up a lot of sugar.

THOMAS STEPHEN TERPACK
Pittsburgh

• No sour note here. Sugar Ray's pot was as sweet as it could be. Before the \$72,320 gate could be parceled out, 10% of it had to be deducted for taxes —ED

Sir,

The gold did turn into green for Sugar Ray Leonard. But what about his opponent, Luis Vega, who received only \$650 to Sugar Ray's \$40,044? That's about a 60-to-1 ratio, winner to loser. Surely there could have been a more equitable distribution of the purse. Have promoters no conscience?

JERRY TOOMEY
Saginaw Falls, S. Dak.

BATTLE IN THE BIG TEN

Sir,

We finally agreed with one of your college basketball assessments (*Three Applications for One Vacancy*, Feb. 14). The Michigan Wolverines are the most exciting team in the nation. We realize that Ricky Green is a super player. However, your article neglected to mention the most electrifying player in the country, Michigan's Dr. Dunk, Joel Thompson. Joel will soon make Bo's Boys the second most popular show in town.

HOWARD KRAMER
JAMIE GORDON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir,

It was good to see SI grant recognition to one of those unsung heroes, the assistant coaches, particularly to the man who has really made Michigan an annual contender for the NCAA championship, Bill Frieder. Having attended the Michigan high school tournament finals for the past nine years, we have enjoyed watching some great individuals and teams perform, but none stand out in memory better than Frieder's teams. They were never big, but they were fast and quick and as smooth as silk.

GLENN D. HOP
WAYNE D. HOP
Jensen, Mich.

Sir,

In his article, Larry Keith singled one of the Big Ten's best centers, Bruce (Sky) King of Iowa. As of Feb. 8, King was first in re-

bounding (12.9 per game), second in scoring (22.7 points per game) and undoubtedly his team's most valuable player. Although not given as much publicity as Mike Thompson, Kent Benson or Phil Hubbard, King may well be king of the Big Ten centers.

JOHN A. FLAMBO
Vice President and
Station Manager
KRRV
Davenport, Iowa

Sir,

Minnesota is even better than you indicated. You didn't say anything about Guard Phil Saunders or Forward Kevin McHale, who often lead their team to victory. When all the Gophers are at their best, they can beat anybody. They lost to Michigan 86-80, but one game does not mean everything.

CHUCK STOLT
Blaine, Minn.

UNION BASKETBALL

Sir,

Regarding Pat Putnam's article on Union College hockey (*No Herds in the Archives*, Feb. 7), I take personal offense at his categorization of Union as "this bastion of athletic dormancy." During the past six years Coaches Gary Walters, now at Dartmouth, and Bill Scanlon have built a small-college basketball powerhouse at Union, amassing a 103-30 record since the 1970-71 campaign. Conference rules prevent acceptance of NCAA bids, keeping the Garnet and Gray from getting the publicity it well deserves.

Union athletic tradition is about as old as the school (182 years), and participation of both men and women in intercollegiate and intramural sports is truly amazing. I was proud to co-captain the 1973-74 basketball team. I wish hockey the best of luck, but it is still a small part of the whole picture.

TOM COMBS
Philadelphia

HAWAII SOUND

Sir,

I can't resist calling attention to our brochure entitled "Hawaiian Cruises" for the enlightenment of your readers. It shows that the S.S. *Manopisa* and S.S. *Monterey* (America's only luxury liners) are heavily committed to Hawaiian cruises, not only across the Pacific, but also around the islands as well. Thus, contrary to Frank Deford's statement that the ships are gone (*Three Little Syllables*, Jan. 24), there is generous service available the year round.

L. A. KIMBALL
Director of Advertising and
Creative Services
Pacific Far East Line
San Francisco

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Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
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